Rosemary

1909

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Rosemary

VOL. III, 1909

Published by the
Senior Class of Sullins College
Bristol, Virginia

Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray, love, remember.

Hamlet, Act iv; Scene v.

MRS. KINNARD

College Girls' Mother

Roll

Ethel Alley	Bristol, Virginia
Marguerite Alexander, C. L. S.	Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee
Louise Allen, F. L. S.	Amarillo, Texas
Vonice Adams, C. L. S.	Waycross, Georgia
Viola Ayers, F. L. S.	Snake Creek, Virginia
Della Anderson, C. L. S.	South Pittsburg, Tennessee
Eula Bowles, C. L. S.	Greenwood, Mississippi
Nona Bunn	Bristol, Tennessee
Lettie Brown	Ringgold, Georgia
Marie Bell, C. L. S.	Prattville, Alabama
Julia Bell, C. L. S.	Prattville, Alabama
Adelaide Bell, C. L. S.	Prattville, Alabama
Lucile Brown	Bristol, Virginia
Virginia Beverly	Big Stone Gap, Virginia
Etta Broce, F. L. S.	Bristol, Tennessee
Bess Broce, F. L. S.	Bristol, Tennessee
Hattie Briscoe	Bristol, Tennessee
Georgia Bare	Bristol, Virginia
Margaret Barker	Bristol, Virginia
Nina Browne, C. L. S.	Talladega, Alabama
Willie Rob Buchanan, C. L. S.	Talladega, Alabama
Mary Burnett, C. L. S.	Newton, Mississippi
Maggie Boyles, F. L. S.	Mobile, Alabama
Essie Boothe, C. L. S.	Dublin, Virginia
Dorothy Cure, F. L. S.	Roanoke, Virginia
Ola Carico	Bristol, Virginia
Myrtle Carico	Bristol, Virginia
Lora Cannady, F. L. S.	Jackson Alabama
Ruth Cox	Bristol, Virginia
Bessie Cox	Bristol, Virginia
Virginia Carden, C. L. S.	Chattanooga, Tennessee
Nell Curtis, F. L. S.	Atmore, Alabama
Nell Connor, C. L. S.	Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee
Mrs. Carrie E. Curtain	Bristol, Virginia

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Flora Clendennin	Wallace, Virginia
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Beatrice Colhoun, F. L. S.	Christiansburg, Virginia
Winnie Crozier, F. L. S.	Graham, Virginia
Argyle Campbell, C. L. S.	Bristol, Tennessee
Ollie Cooper, C. L. S.	Bristol, Virginia
Altha Droke	Bristol, Virginia
Laura Freece Delp, F. L. S.	Elk Creek, Virginia
Edna Dalrymple, C. L. S.	Guntown, Mississippi
Cora Lee Dalrymple, C. L. S.	Guntown, Mississippi
Martha Dew, C. L. S.	Greensboro, Alabama
Mary Douthat, C. L. S.	Bluefield, West Virginia
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Dora Darling, C. L. S.	Waycross, Georgia
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Sadie Ellett, F. L. S.	Christiansburg, Virginia
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May Elliott, F. L. S.	Moundsville, Alabama
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Mary Faidley	Bristol, Virginia
Virginia Franklin, C. L. S.	Graham, Virginia
Lucille Green, C. L. S.	Fort Payne, Alabama
Katherine Graves	Bristol, Virginia
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Ocllo Gunn, F. L. S.	Thomasville, Alabama
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Lottie Hobson	Bristol, Virginia
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Emma Hairston, C. L. S.	Fort Deposit, Alabama
Yetta Hecht	Bristol, Virginia
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Helen Henritze, C. L. S.	Middlesboro, Kentucky
Bela Hubbard, C. L. S.	Heflin, Alabama
Mabelle Hill, F. L. S.	Thomasville, Alabama
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Jessie Holston, C. L. S.	Morristown, Tennessee
Finnie Harris, C. L. S.	Union Springs, Alabama
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Rosa Jackson, F. L. S.	Emory, Virginia
Isabel Judkins, F. L. S.	Christiansburg, Virginia
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Maggie Keller	Bristol, Virginia
Katherine Keller	Bristol, Virginia
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Lena Lockett	Bristol, Virginia
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Laura Lee, C. L. S.	Church Hill, Tennessee
Mrs. Will Leonard	Bristol, Virginia
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Zella Mort	Bristol, Tennessee
Mary McCrary	Bristol, Tennessee
Bessie McCrary	Bristol, Virginia
Edith McLaughlin, F. L. S.	Hollins, Virginia
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Edith McDonald	Bristol, Virginia
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Anna Mae McCoy, F. L. S.	Atmore, Alabama
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Corinnie Moorman, C. L. S.	Bexar, Alabama
Reba Maloney, F. L. S.	Mosheim, Tennessee
Annie Minor, C. L. S.	New Decatur, Alabama
Julia Northington, C. L. S.	Prattville, Alabama

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Garnet Neel	Alvarado, Virginia
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Mary Newton, C. L. S.	Blountville, Tennessee
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Revely Owen	Bristol, Virginia
Sallie Owens	Church Hill, Tennessee
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Hattie Owen	Bristol, Virginia
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Ida Preston	Bristol, Virginia
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Alice Price, C. L. S.	Batesville, Mississippi
Elsie Rencher, C. L. S.	Uniontown, Alabama
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Mary Ransom, C. L. S.	Nashville, Tennessee
Elizabeth Ransom, C. L. S.	Nashville, Tennessee
Eva Ramsey	Castlewood, Virginia
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Cornelia Simpson	Bristol, Virginia
Ella Susong	Telford, Tennessee
Alberta Scott	Bristol, Tennessee
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Marie Simms, C. L. S.	Talladega, Alabama
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Fannie Stevenson, F. L. S.	Speers Ferry, Virginia
Annie Lou Shepherd, C. L. S.	Jasper, Alabama
Lena Scott, C. L. S.	Cedar Bluff, Virginia
Ruth Spence, C. L. S.	Rural Retreat, Virginia
Lena Belle Starnes, F. L. S.	Surgoinsville, Tennessee
Elizabeth Starnes, F. L. S.	Surgoinsville, Tennessee
May Spangler, C. L. S.	Jared, West Virginia
Inez Scott, C. L. S.	South Pittsburg, Tennessee

Ruby Steele, F. L. S.	Pennington Gap, Virginia
Joe Neal Trent, C. L. S.	Straw Plains, Tennessee
Mary Trent, C. L. S.	Straw Plains, Tennessee
Blanche Thompson	Bristol, Tennessee
Julia Trolinger, F. L. S.	Riner, Virginia
Rena Thomason, C. L. S.	Opelika, Alabama
Una V. Templin, F. L. S.	Johnson City, Tennessee
Mary Sue Thomas, C. L. S.	Jonesboro, Tennessee
Emma Lula Thomas, C. L. S.	Gold Hill, Alabama
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Mary Wheeler, F. L. S.	Johnson City, Tennessee
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Helen Wallace	Bristol, Tennessee
Amy Watkins, F. L. S.	Mobile, Alabama
Evelyn Walizer, C. L. S.	Bluefield, West Virginia
Ida Wright	Bristol, Virginia
Katherine Wilkerson, F. L. S.	Clarksville, Virginia
Hallie Woods, C. L. S.	Roanoke, Virginia

Dedication

To Mrs. Janie McTyeire Baskervill

whose sympathy and suggestion and
service have alone made our efforts
a pleasure to us, and have in-
spired us with the hope that this
fruit of our toil will give pleas-
ure to others, this Rose-
mary, 1909, is affection-
ately dedicated by the
Senior Class

MRS. BASKERVILL

Faculty, 1908-1909

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Mrs. Jane McTyeire Baskervill, A. B., ... *Lady Principal*
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Mrs. Jane McTyeire Baskervill, *English and American Literature*
Mrs. W. E. Martin, . . . *English Literature and European History*
Miss Martha P. McGavock, ... *Mathematics and Science*
Miss Lillia L. Morton, . . *Latin, Bible Study, and Mission Courses*
Miss Carrie Smith, ... *Preparatory Department*
R. S. Trent, ... *Mental, Moral and Natural Science*
Miss Lucretia Jordan, ... *Modern Languages*
Miss Lelia Martin, ... *Preparatory Department*
Miss Celia T. Brinson, ... *Elocution and Physical Culture*
Mrs. Mary Collier Forbes, ... *Art*
Miss Amy Watkins, ... *Assistant in Art*
Miss Claire Martin, A. B., ... *Business Department*
Mrs. A. G. Vredenburg, ... *Matron*
Miss Nannie Ketchum, ... *Housekeeper*

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Carl Bodell, ... *Piano*
Albert Vredenburg, ... *Piano*
Alexander Findlay, ... *Stringed Instruments and Piano*
Louis Alberti, ... *Voice Culture*
Miss Mary Carden, ... *Assistant Voice Culture*
Miss Christine Iseman, B. M., ... *Piano and Pipe Organ*
Miss Isabel Hawley, B. M., ... *Piano*
Miss Mabel McLaughlin, B. M., ... *Piano*
Miss Katherine Vaught, Miss Leslie Lacey, Miss Winona Eaton . . . . . *Practice Preceptresses*
Miss Emma Lula Thomas, Miss Rena Thomason, Miss Bela Hubbard, Miss Christine Mundy, Miss Mary Steffey . . . . . *Librarians.*

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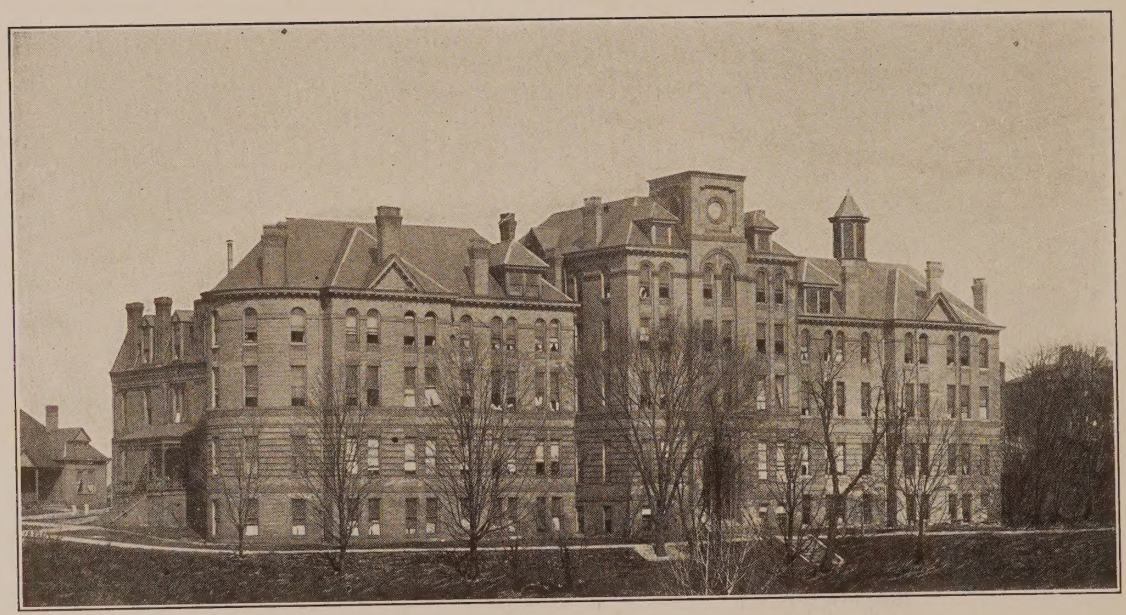
LATEST BOOK
"ROSEMARY"
ROSEMARY
1909

Editorial Staff



MAIN BUILDING--SULLINS COLLEGE

Marie Fuller

Foreword

"A MIGHTY hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never ending Flood of Years."

The bursting of green from bush and tree, a blaze of heat from an unfathomably blue sky, a carnival of leaves, the whiteness of the silent snow, and the year is fled.

As we turn the pages of this volume, sweeter than remembered fragrance of rosemary, thyme and lavender may be the recollection of our school days, when in imagination we revive the scenes of our girlhood, and recall the dear familiar faces of those with whom we have been so closely associated in the happy past, and whose memories we shall cherish beyond the span of years that shall separate us.

EDITORS.

"MASCOT"

Class of 1909

Officers

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Jessie Holston,	*Vice-President*
Sumpie Martin,	*Secretary*
Mary Farrior,	*Treasurer*
Vivian Maxey,	*Prophet*
Josephine French,	*Poet*
Mary McCrary,	*Historian*
May Spangler,	*Giftorian*

Colors	Flower
Gold and White	*Daisy*

VIOLA AYERS, Art, . Gladesboro, Va.

"All vice she doth wholly refuse
And hateth idleness."

EULA BOWLES, B. S., . Greenwood, Miss.

"One who held herself a part
Of all she saw."

MARY BURNETT, Music, . Newton, Miss.

"The joy of youth and health her eye displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed."

Secretary and Treasurer, Mississippi Club, '08–'09.
Joke Editor, Clionian Society, Third Quarter, '09.

LORA CANNADY, B. S. . Jackson, Ala.

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact."

Vice-President, Sophomore Class, '06–'07.
Treasurer of F. L. S., Second Quarter, '08.

NELL CURTIS, B. S., . Atmore, Ala.

"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

President, Junior Class, '07–'08.
Vice-President, Alabama Club, First Quarter, '07.
Critic of F. L. S., Third Quarter, '09.

NELL CONNOR, B. S., . Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose."

Stella Carson, B. A., . Peach Bottom, Va.

"I am not of many words."

Ollie Cooper, Business Course, Bristol, Va.

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows
on the thorn by the wayside;
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath
the brown shade of her tresses."

Laura Freece Delp, B. S., . Elk Creek, Va.

"The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
Forever coming—ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream aflowing."

Librarian of F. L. S., Second Quarter, '08.

MARTHA DEW, B. S., . Greensboro, Ala.

"A full rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just."

Secretary, Clionian Society, Third Quarter, '07–'08.
President, Clionian Society, First Quarter, '08.
President, Clionian Society, Third Quarter, '09.
President, Alabama Club, '08–'09.
Corresponding Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '08–'09.
Manager of Athletic, '08–'09.
Associate Editor of Rosemary, '09.

KATHLEEN DICKENSON, Exp., Castlewood, Va.

"Her very tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."

Treasurer, Dramatic Club, '07–'08.
Historian of Sophomore Class '07–'08.
Expression Editor, '09.

MARY ELLETT, Business Course,
Christiansburg, Va.

"So sweet, so lovely, and so mild;
Adorned with beauty's grace."

WENONA EATON, Music, . Columbia, Miss.

"Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master hand alone can greet."

JOSEPHINE FRENCH, B. S., Morristown, Tenn.

"A face with gladness over spread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

MARY FARRIOR, B. A., . Letohatchee, Ala.

"Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadows
o'er thee creep."

Treasurer, Senior Class, '09.

MAMIE FULLER, Art, . Mountain City, Tenn.

"Hard features every bungler can command:
To draw true beauty shows a master hand."

Art Editor of C. L. S., '08–'09.
Art Editor of Tennessee Club, '08–'09.
Art Editor of Rosemary.

ELIZABETH GIBSON, "M. R. S."
Castlewood, Va.

"But love is blind and lovers cannot see,
The petty follies that themselves commit."

Treasurer, Senior Class, '08–'09.
Treasurer, C. L. S., First Quarter, '08–'09.
Treasurer, C. L. S., Second Quarter, '08–'09.
Treasurer, C. L. S., Third Quarter, '09.
Business Manager Rosemary.

LOUISE HAWLEY, Business Course,
Christiansburg, Va.

"Wit she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath."

EMMA HAIRSTON, B. S., Fort Deposit, Ala.

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky"

Secretary and Treasurer, Athletics, '08–'09.
Secretary, Alabama Club, '08–'09.
Vice-President, Junior Class, '07–'08.
Captain, Tiger Basket-Ball Team, '07–'08.

CORNELIA HIXON, B. S., . Hixon, Ala.

"For her person,
It beggared all description."

Treasurer of F. L. S., First Quarter, '07–'08.
Vice-President of F. L. S., Third Quarter, '08–'09.

JESSIE HOLSTON, B. S., . Morristown, Tenn.

"There is a brightness in thy eye
That speaks of mirth."

Joke Editor, Clionian Society, Second Quarter, '08.
Vice-President, Senior Class, '09.
Captain "Star" Basket Ball Team, '07–08.
Captain "Star" Basket Ball Team, '08–'09.
Joke Editor, Rosemary.

FINNIE HARRIS, B. S., . Union Springs, Ala.

"A safe companion and an easy friend."

MARY KOLB, B. S., . Ozark, Ala.

"Naught venture, naught have."

VIVIAN MAXEY, B. S., . Meridian, Miss.

"A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense."

Treasurer, Junior Class, '07–'08.
Vice-President, Clionian Society, First Quarter, '08.
Vice-President, Clionian Society, Second Quarter, '08.
Vice-President, Clionian Society, Third Quarter, '09.
President, Mississippi Club, '08–'09.
Class Prophet, '09.
Associate Editor, Rosemary, '09.

MARY MCCRARY, B. A., . Bristol, Tenn.

"High nature, amorous of the good."

Class Historian, '09.

SUMPIE MARTIN, B. S., . Herrington, Ala.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."

President, Sophomore Class, '06–'07.
Poet, Alabama Club, '07–'08.
Secretary of F. L. S., First Quarter, '07–'08.
Secretary of F. L. S., First Quarter, '08–'09.
Secretary, Senior Class, '09.

REVELY OWEN, B. S., . Bristol, Tenn.

"Fair was she and young."

MYRTLE RECTOR, B. S., . Baywood, Va.

"Thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how sweet their dwelling place."

MARY STEFFEY, B. A., . Rural Retreat, Va.

"Zealous, yet modest, innocent, though free;
Patient of toil."

Critic of F. L. S., Fourth Quarter, '09.
Librarian of F. L. S., Third Quarter, '09.

ELVA SMITH, B. S., . Mt. Pleasant, Va.

"She's modest as any, and blithe as she's bonnie;
For guileless simplicity marks her its aim."

Secretary, Art Club, '08–'09.

ANNIE LOU SHEPHERD, Art, . Jasper, Ala.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Vice-President of Art Club, '08–'09.
Secretary, Clionian Society, Third Quarter, '09.
Artist of Dramatic Club, '08–'09.
Club Editor, Rosemary.

RUTH SPENCE, B. S., . Rural Retreat, Va.

"Her face betokened all things dear and good,
The light of somewhat yet to come was there
Asleep, and waiting for the opening day."

FANNIE STEPHENSON, B. S., Speers Ferry, Va.

"Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thou frowns are stern."

Treasurer, Virginia Club, '08–'09.
Secretary, Virginia Club, '07–'08.
President, F. L. S., Third Quarter, '08–'09.

MAY SPANGLER, B. S., . Jared, W. Va.

"A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

Treasurer, Art Club, '08–'09.
Giftorian, '09.
Business Manager, Rosemary.

BLANCH SNIDER, Business Course, Bristol, Va.

"She is most fair and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize."

UNA V. TEMPLIN, B. S., Johnson City, Tenn.

"As merry as the day is long."

KATHERINE VAUGHT, B.S., Morristown, Tenn.

"Something in her there was, set you thinking."

Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference, Asheville, N. C.,'06–'07.
Vice-President of F. L. S., First Quarter, '07–'08.
Vice-Presdent of F. L. S., Second Quarter, '07–'08.
President of Y. W. C. A., '07–'08.
Vice-President of F. L. S., Second Quarter, '08–'09.
President, Tennessee Club, '09.
President, Senior Class, '08–'09.

MARY WHEELER, B. S., Johnson City, Tenn.

"It matters not how long we live, but how."

AMY WATKINS, Art, . Mobile, Ala.

"The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truths from which they spring."

Art Editor, Alabama Club, '08–'09.
President of Art Club, '08–'09.
Business Manager, Rosemary.

MISS CELIA T. BRINSON

SENIORS' TEACHER

Senior Poem

Come, Muse of Rosemary,
Inspire me to write
The poem of the Seniors
Of Sullins tonight.

Inspire me to write
In exquisite rhyme,
Of wonders accomplished
In a short length of time.

We've delved into mystery,
Probed deep into lore,
Discovered rare treasures
Not known of before.

We've acquired great knowledge,
Pierced deep in the arts,
Studied languages and science
With minds and hearts.

We've had fun and frolic,
Good times by the score;
We've had joy and laughter,
And happiness galore.

But first in our minds calm duty stands.
Our ambition is ever to soar—
We aspire to heights lofty and grand
That were reached by great men of yore.

Now we come to the turning point;
Out on life's sea we must row
To prepare its vicissitudes and trials to meet;
To have courage to withstand every blow.

But the class of '09 has always been
A class of sturdy frame.
'Twill always accomplish every task—
Excelsior! is its highest aim.

When out in the world each member will go
To face the problems of life,
May Fortune crown them with success
As they struggle in the strife.

And always remember those happy days,
When our lives were glad and free—
The dear happy days
We spent at S. C.

A farewell we bid to our Alma Mater--
To dear old Sullins College,
Where our minds were broadened and enlarged,
And filled with knowledge.

MARY JOSEPHINE FRENCH, '09

A Trip in My Airship

I WAS lazily floating along in my airship dreaming of the past, half wishing that relentless time would turn back from its onward swoop and make me a Sullins girl once more. Quite naturally my thoughts turned to my old classmates—the class of '09. Where were they, and in what part of this wide, wide world had they finally settled? So completely was I lost in my musings that I paid no attention to the direction in which my ship was drifting in its flight among the clouds.

I suddenly became aware that it had ceased in its onward flight and was gently sinking. It seemed as if it were being guided by some supernatural power. On looking over, I find that I am over a busy little city and, yes, directly over a handsome building. Why did it look so familiar? Could it be—yes, it is no other than Sullins. But where were the familiar faces that I had always associated with it? How I longed to see them all once more!

But look! Who is the stately woman in the entrance? Imagine my surprise when I recognize my old classmate, Nell Curtis, now Lady Principal of Sullins. As she turns and calls, "Mary, do hurry," I lean eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of Mary Kolb moving slowly toward her. I afterwards learn that Mary is at the head of the Primary Department. How I long to speak to them, but a gentle breeze wafts my ship on to continue its aerial flight.

Again my ship is pulled toward the earth, but this time before a beautiful little cottage, and as I glance in the open window, I see a woman seated before a desk busily writing. As she glances up from her manuscript I recognize Mary Farrior, who has gained a world-wide reputation through her essays.

I next find myself above a beautiful rose garden, and under a great arbor, festooned in roses, are sitting Finnie Harris and Una V. Templin, sipping their tea. "How nice it is," Finnie was saying, "to live such a quiet life. Oh, I hate men any way!" I must not remain here for my ship is again moving forward.

As I am floating leisurely over the mountainous portion of East Tennessee, I glance down upon a small town where I noticed a queer looking building. I afterwards learned that this is a building for electrical experiments. I see a tall woman and a short man coming out of the building. I look long at them for they look strangely familiar. Mamie had come by for Bill at the close of day and they were walking home to supper. I was keenly disappointed because we had cherished great ambitions regarding Mamie's future as an artist, but all these hopes were dashed to pieces as she was content to be a "Cook."

A very attractive scene next attracts my attention. A golden-haired woman is in the midst of a group of little children. She calls one of them, and I recognize Joe French by her sweet, gentle voice. My ship moves on.

In the beautiful blue-grass country of Kentucky is a lovely home. On the stoop is seated a woman. Presently a man comes up the walk and with a happy laugh the woman rises to meet him—then I recognize Nell Connor.

My ship next floats over an immense farm; so up-to-date is this farm that I stop my ship to see it. As I start to move away, I see two ladies, riding astride, come galloping up on beautiful horses, and as I look at them I recognize Ruth and Laura—the leading farmers of America.

I had been taking a nap. I awake with a start as I feel my ship crash into another. On careful examination I find my own ship not seriously injured but the other one is hopelessly demolished. I see, too, that the sole occupant is a woman. I feel sick with horror as I see her clinging to the rapidly sinking machine. Finally I see her drop from the broken ship and I lean far over the side of my own to try to see who it is. I had unintentionally sent her to her death. But as I look, I see two long queer looking wings slowly unfold and the woman, after flying around, calmly alights on my own machine. I recognize the jolly laugh of Tot Wheeler as she greets me and I realize that I am a witness of a momentous experiment with her latest invention. I am glad again to meet this famous woman, inventor of aerial machines.

In the ball-room of the White House are gathered the most renowned personages of the world. A stately blonde, whom I recognize as Emma, bows graciously to the guests as they enter and introduces them to the honorees, the most charming society women of Washington. As they move forward I recognize Annie Lou and Elva.

My ship moves on to the Congressional Library and there I find Mary Steffey the principal librarian. But I must not stay here, for this unknown power moves my ship on and on until I reach the great bustling metropolis, New York.

As I move slowly down the crowded thoroughfare of the busy city, I see through an open window a beautiful little studio and a woman deftly putting the finishing touches on a picture of which Raphael would have been proud. This could be no other than Viola Ayers. I next pass a great sky-scraper and this time, amid piles of discarded manuscript, I catch a glimpse of the editor of Life. Imagine my surprise when I recognize Jess Holston, my old classmate, as the one who makes millions laugh! But why should I be surprised? Was not this the same old Jess, whom the Sullins girls knew as a "sure cure for the blues?" After leaving there she had by degrees reached the zenith of her fame.

My ship floats over a large grocery store and I see a little woman and a tall man step out. This is surely Eulah and Fred. Eulah has become so fond of knocking that she has decided to change her name to "Hammer."

The next scene which attracts my attention is of two very busy women in the main office of the New York Herald. I see the scores of messenger boys hastening to execute their orders. Suddenly one of them turns and says, "Oh, Mary, all of this rush reminds me of our last days at Sullins when we were so busy on our essays." Then I recognize Louise Hawley and Mary Ellett.

As I move on I see posters everywhere announcing the recital to be given by Madame Eaton, the great American pianist.

On a landing is a large enthusiastic crowd gathered to bid *bon voyage* to Sumpie, Lora and Cornelia, who, after having traveled over all of the known world, have decided to explore the unknown Polar Regions.

My ship next hovers over the beautiful buildings of Vassar. I see groups of young ladies dotted around the campus talking in a low voice. As I near

one of these groups, I find they are praising the new manager of athletics, Martha Dew.

The power next whirls my ship across the sea and I find myself in foreign lands. This time over the great bustling metropolis of the world.

A scene of splendor flashes on my sight. From within a magnificent temple, myriads of lights gleam with splendor of the noonday sun. Gathered in the auditorium is the royalty of all the world, gorgeously arrayed in the most beautiful silks and jewels of the Orient. As the mighty burst of applause subsides, a curtain is drawn back and behold! in royal state, the world famous pianist, Mary Burnett, is introduced by the King of England.

My ship moves on to Paris. In a beautiful little studio is a golden-haired woman busily painting, standing near her is another woman gazing at her work. "Oh! Amy, that is splendid," she was saying. And I recognize May Spangler and Amy Watkins, the world-famous portrait painters.

I move on to an immense building from which I see streams of people coming forth. How excited they all seem! But I soon learn the cause of all this excitement. Madame Dickenson, the great American actress, has made her first appearance in Paris and the whole city is singing her praises.

So crowded are the thoroughfares of Paris that I can hardly guide my ship. Suddenly there is a great crash, and I know no more. When I arouse from this stupor I find myself in a large hospital. As I open my eyes, a nurse moves forward and gently straightens my pillow. Imagine my surprise when I recognize Stella Carson! Due to the most efficient work of Dr. Myrtle Rector and the nurse I am soon able to continue my journey.

The court room is filled with people from all parts of the globe. On the stand is a celebrated lawyer, earnestly pleading her case. Nearby is the court reporter, and as she glances up I recognize Blanche Snider. The lawyer again attracts my attention and I am amazed at her eloquence. I hear someone say, "Lawyer Stevenson will surely win the case; she can't be defeated." Then this is Fannie Stevenson, my old classmate.

The mysterious power drives my ship on and on until I reach the sunny land of Italy. It stops directly over a beautiful vine-clad villa. A tall, stately woman is ascending the marble stairs. There seems to be something strangely familiar about her and as I gaze I recognize Katherine Vaught, our class president, now the most renowned literary woman of the age.

My ship floats on. Finally I enter unfamiliar regions. Where could I be? I become almost frantic but I cannot turn my ship. It is still under the control of the unknown power. Suddenly, to my great relief, I see a ship moving toward mine. I hail it and as it comes alongside, imagine my joy when I recognize Mary McCrary and Revely Owens, accompanied by Miss McGavock. They tell me that they have just returned from a trip to Mars! They had been the first to set foot on that interesting planet.

I lay back in my ship perfectly contented, for I had been permitted to see all of the thirty and seven once again.

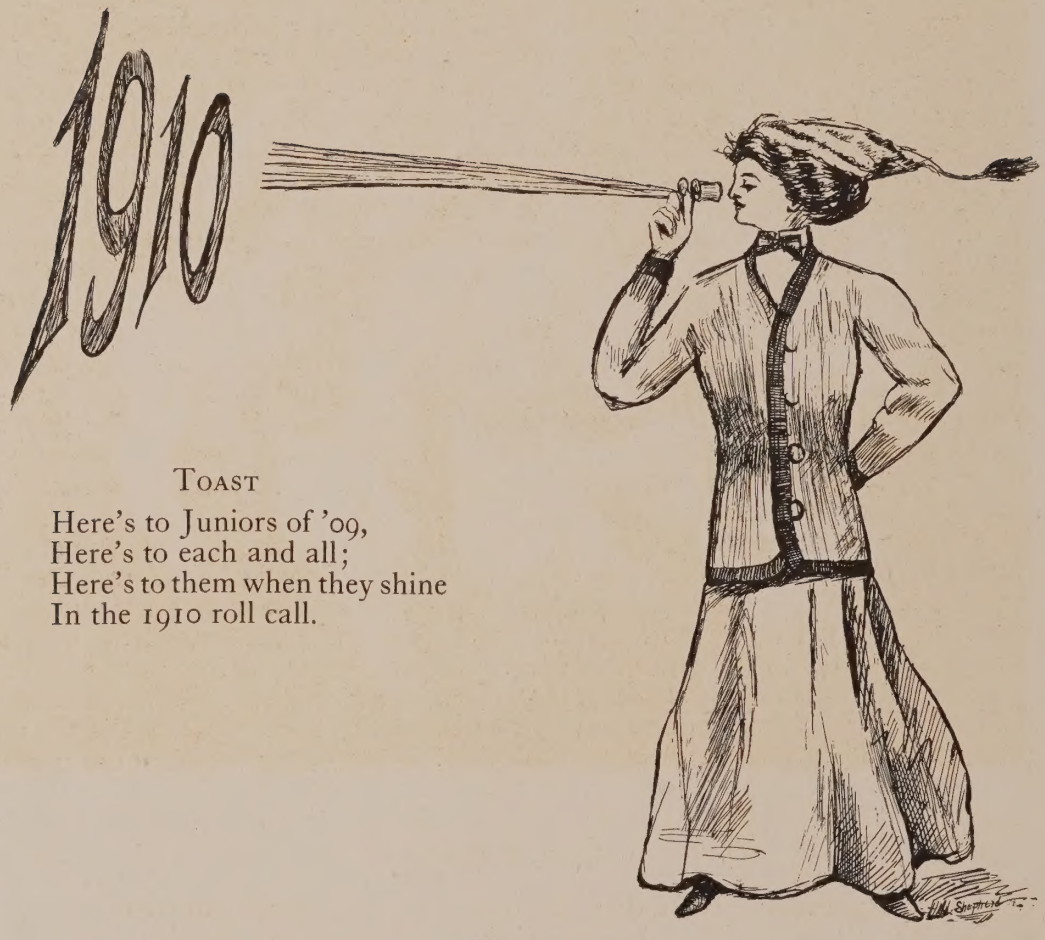
"PROPHET"

Juniors

Motto
Keinwagen keinwonne

Colors
Black and Gold

Flower
Goldenrod



Toast

Here's to Juniors of '09,
Here's to each and all;
Here's to them when they shine
In the 1910 roll call.

Yell

Hippity his! Hippity Hit!!
We are it! We are it!!
Shack-a-lack! Shack-a-lack,
Shack-a-lack, lee!!
Juniors! Juniors!!
Rah! Rah!! Ree!!!

OFFICERS

Emily McGavock	*President*
Ethel Williams	*Vice-President*
Ruth Lyle	*Secretary*
Ocllo Gunn	*Treasurer*
Miss McGavock	*Teacher*

CLASS ROLL

Corinne Moorman
Ethel Williams
Emily McGavock
Harriet Fillinger
Ethel Urquhart

Sadie Elliott
May Elliott
Sadie Morris
Dorothy Cure
Mabelle Hill
Helen Wallace

Essie Boothe
Ella Mears
Ruth Lyle
Ruby Steele
Ocllo Gunn

Sophomores

Flower
Lily-of-the-Valley

Motto
Speak fitly or be silent wisely

OFFICERS

Virginia Carden	*President*
Julia Trolinger	*Vice-President*
Argyle Campbell	*Secretary*
Mary A. Whitaker	*Treasurer*

ROLL

Virginia Carden
Argyle Campbell
Nina Browne
Cora Lee Dalrymple
Maggie Keller
Julia Trolinger
Leonore Harris
Edna Lockett
Seraphina Kendrick
Bessie Hill
Mary Allen Whitaker
Ethel Hamilton
Lena Bell Starnes
Edith McDonald

Toast

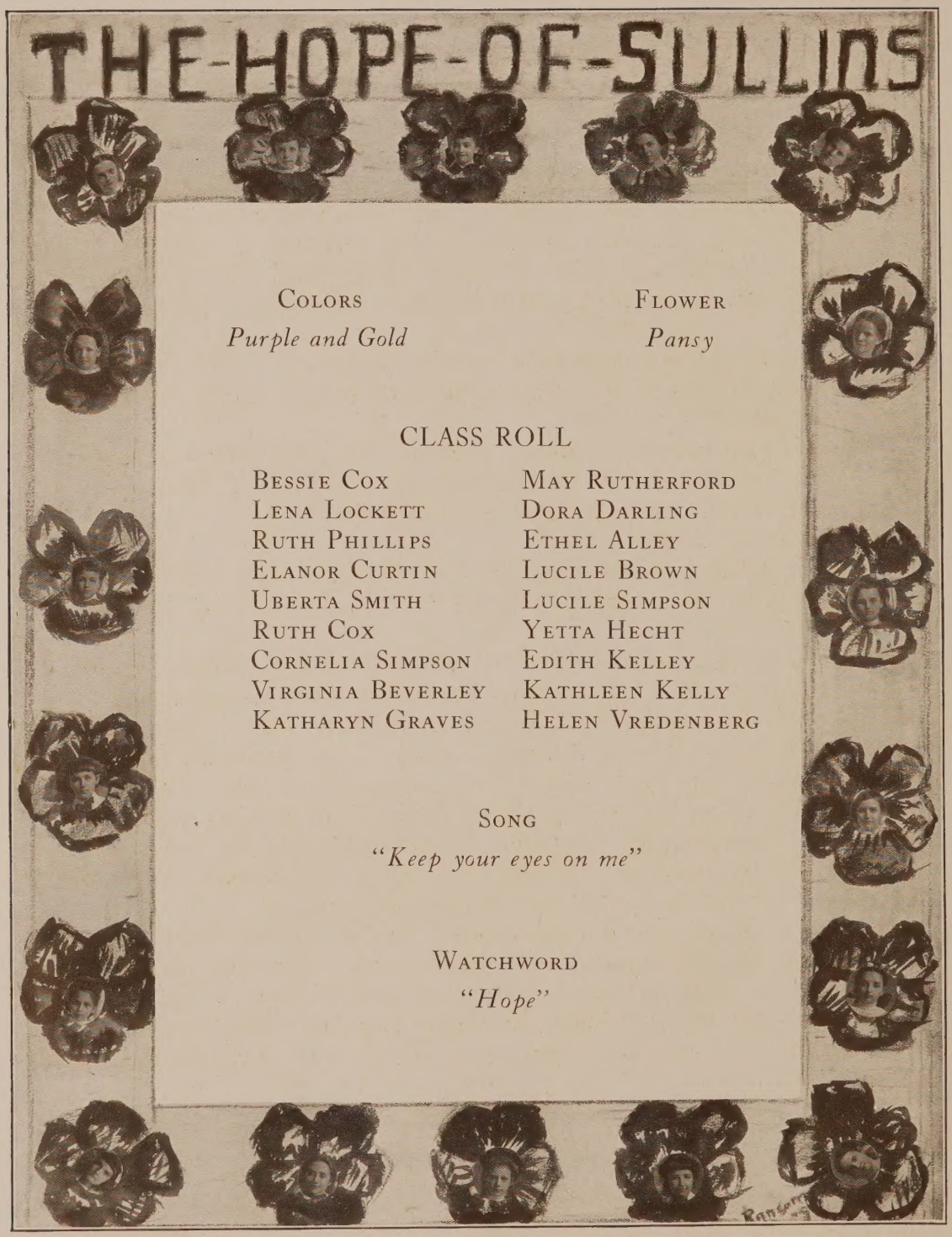
Here's to the school year left behind!
Here's to the ones we have before!
Here's to June, 1911,
When our school days will be o'er.

Mary Douthat
Maggie Boyles
Sarah Scanlan
Rena Thomason
Ada Kyle
Elizabeth Starnes
Vonice Adams
Isabel Judkins
Annie Minor

Edith McLaughlin
Leslie Lacey
Inez Scott
Julia Bell
Mary Collier Forbes
Emma Lulu Thomas
Marguerite Alexander
Mary Kelley
Mary Sue Thomas

Ethel Page
Myrtle Peagler
Kate Graves
Mary Kinnard
Kate Scott
Maude Oliver
Gussie Kohen
Marie Bell
Beatrice Nelson

Irregulars



COLORS
Purple and Gold

FLOWER
Pansy

CLASS ROLL

BESSIE COX
LENA LOCKETT
RUTH PHILLIPS
ELANOR CURTIN
UBERTA SMITH
RUTH COX
CORNELIA SIMPSON
VIRGINIA BEVERLEY
KATHARYN GRAVES
MAY RUTHERFORD
DORA DARLING
ETHEL ALLEY
LUCILE BROWN
LUCILE SIMPSON
YETTA HECHT
EDITH KELLEY
KATHLEEN KELLY
HELEN VREDENBERG

SONG
"Keep your eyes on me"

WATCHWORD
"Hope"

The Diary of a Suit Case

JUNE 15. Well, I am to be sold at last. For weeks I have been stored away just waiting for this time to come. I have often been taken down from my shelf and my good points discussed by the clerk and prospective buyer, but it always ended the same way. "I prefer a larger one." This time the buyer was a young lady. The clerk had shown her many, which she looked over only to reject.

"I want one that is a convenient size to carry myself. I don't like to turn over everything in the way of baggage to porters. I feel so helpless with nothing at all to look after."

"Here is what you want, I think," said the clerk as he pulled me down for inspection. Turning me over, she pulled hard at my straps, lifted me up to feel my weight and then paid the price asked by the clerk.

"The address, please."

"Don't mind about the address," she said, "I'll just carry it with me." And suiting the action to the word she lifted me from the counter and walked from the store.

I was so happy to get out that I could not refrain from flapping my straps about in a joyous fashion. I had never been out in the world before and I was delighted with the experience. Life had always been such a mystery to me and there were so many things I wanted to know. For instance, I never could understand why I was made with so many straps. This with a dozen other questions I had asked the other suit-cases on my shelf, but only to receive the same answer—nobody knew. Having never met a suit-case that had been used there was no way for us to gain information except to wait patiently until we were sold and sent out into the world to try life for ourselves.

I think I am going to like my owner. Though I never knew a woman before I heard the clerk speak of them to the clerk at the next counter, they always spoke of them as weak, helpless, clinging, dependent creatures and insisted they could not live without the men to pay their bills and to look after them generally. But my owner I find isn't at all like this. I call her the "Independent Lady."

June 16. I am so full that I feel that I might burst at any moment. I am getting along very well in the world. Am learning many queer things. Last night the Independent Lady put me down on the floor and the first thing I knew I was packed so full of things that I could scarcely hold them. They are all dainty and white, sheer and covered with lace. When she had stuffed everything in that she could, she buckled up my straps and then gave me a little lecture.

"Now look here—you are to be my only companion on this adventure, and you are to keep all of my secrets, for I mean to tell them to you. I don't think you will tell. You are to stay right by my side and don't by any means get away. I shall not give you to the porters a single time for I mean to carry you right with me."

"I am running away from this place and I don't want anyone to know where I am going. It's all on account of a man—a dear old serious man—but he's getting to be tyrannical. He wants everything I do to accord with his ideas of propriety. He doesn't exactly scold when I don't please him but he—he just looks it and I know it hurts him. He wants me to be as staid and dignified as a Puritan matron, and that is not my way of doing things. I have to live my life my own way. As long as I am here I can't—I simply can't do things that displease him so. I want a taste of life as I see it. So I am going to run away. I have written to the serious man telling him that I am going away for a long time and I am not going to tell him where I am going. It will seem so good to be free; not a single person to ask anything. I can do just as I please and as long as I please. There shan't a man come into my life in all this time. I am beginning to despise the whole sex. They act as we women were a lot of infants and didn't know how to walk ten steps without a man's broad shoulders in sight to insure protection. I am perfectly capable of caring for myself and I mean to give myself a chance to do it. I suppose the Serious Man will be horrified when he finds me gone and no trace of me anywhere. Oh, I guess I will come back some time, but not until I've had my chance to live in my own way."

June 17. This morning as we came to the train the Independent Lady didn't say much. She seemed to be thinking seriously about something. I suppose she was sorry or perhaps angry because it was pouring down rain. I got somewhat wet but I didn't mind that. The train was late and we had to wait some time. The Independent Lady paced to and fro on the station platform but she didn't put me down for a single minute. When the train came up there was a rush for it. We had a hard time getting on. A man stepped up to the Independent Lady and said, "Pardon me, Madam, may I assist you with your baggage?"

"No, I thank you," replied the Independent Lady, and she climbed on the train. She didn't put me down on the floor but gave me a place on the seat beside her.

"My! isn't it great to feel free! Not a single man on the car. Isn't that luck for you? Now, I guess I will have things to myself for once in my life."

The conductor was standing at her elbow. "Ticket please." She stared at him blankly for a moment, "I— I forgot the ticket. Jack always attended to those things and I didn't think." She gave him the money for the fare and was furious when she noticed that he was smiling. Men were such fools any way.

"I guess I was a little rattled, for I never traveled any before in my life

without Daddy or Jack, one, to attend to such things. It's a nuisance traveling alone—but its great to be independent."

The distance she was going was several hundred miles. The first few hours she told me every few minutes that it was splendid to feel so free and be so entirely independent, but as the day drew near its close, she looked out of the window. Though the rain had ceased for a time everything was so damp and dull that it was enough to make most anyone feel lonely.

"I wish the people wouldn't get off the car and leave me entirely alone. Of course I am not afraid but it makes me feel creepy somehow." I felt her move closer to me. Everybody had gone from the car but one man and us. It was dark now. Independant Lady moved about nervously.

"That man might at least be kind enough to look around. I read somewhere that it is not considered so very impolite to speak to strangers on the train. He might at least look sociable."

I was not authority on matters of etiquette, but I, too, thought he was rather selfish and impolite, because the Independant Lady seemed to be so lonesome. She looked out into the inky darkness and I felt her shudder. "It will be awful getting off of the train in a strange place and such a night as this. I don't even know where to go, or anything. I really wish that Jack was here with me. He is so kind and good. I never had to see about anything when he is along."

"Rockfort," called the conductor. The Independant Lady picked me up and started to leave the car. I felt her hand trembling and felt that she must be afraid. As she started down the steps of the train a man was standing there to assist her. It was the man who had hid himself behind the newspaper on the car and had been so selfish and impolite. I didn't like him a bit. When the Independant Lady saw him she was so frightened she let me fall right in the mud. He did not try to pick me up and that made me like him less. I fell so that I could see and I was thankful for that, but was too far away to hear what he said to her.

"My suit-case—where is it? Here Jack—I must have dropped it. I was so happy when I saw you I forgot everything else."

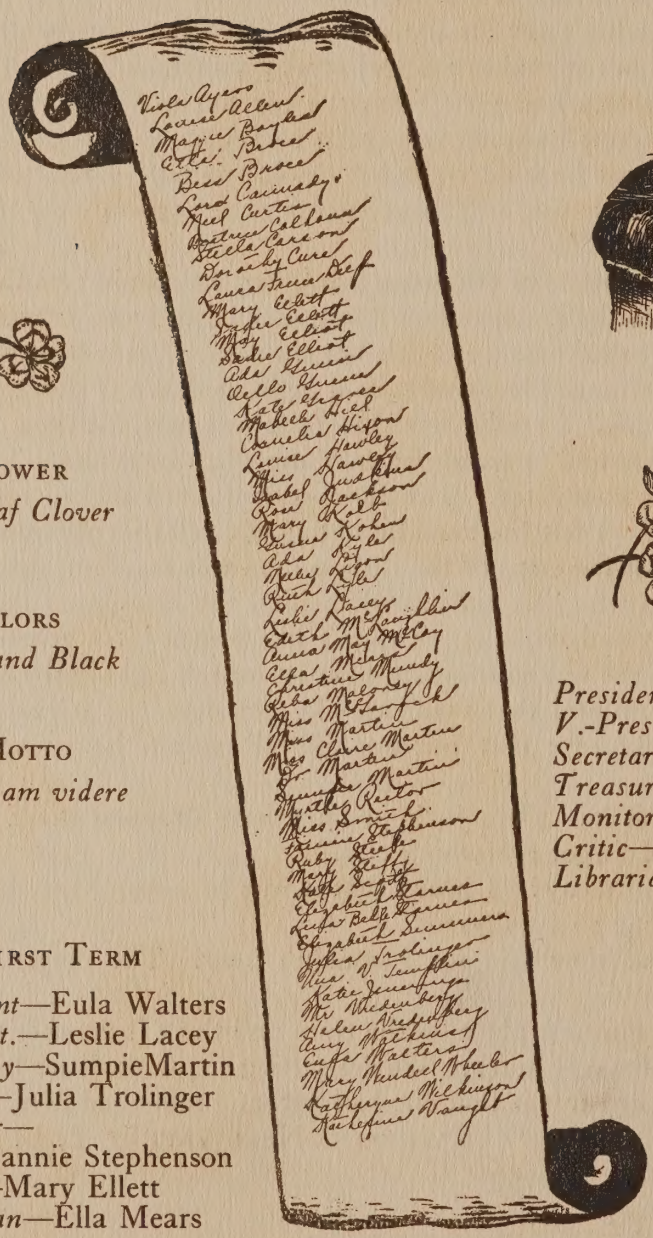
"Well, why did you run away? I heard that it was because of me, but I knew you were not safe alone so I followed."

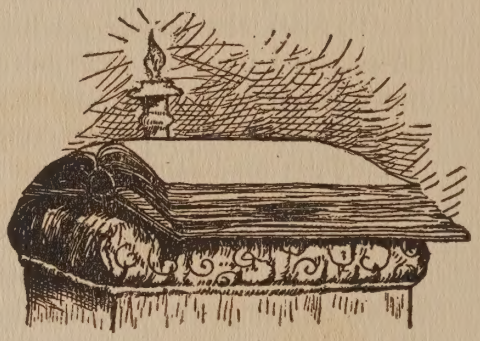
I don't know what else they said for I couldn't hear. The porter was carrying me.

June 18. I am in the queerest place on the train and there is another suit-case here with me—that I like very much. We are getting acquainted and found that the only difference in our cards is that one had Mr. and mine had Mrs.

KATHERINE NEAL VAUGHT, F. L. S.

Farisonian Literary Society





FLOWER
Four-leaf Clover

COLORS
Gold and Black

MOTTO
Esse quam videre

FIRST TERM

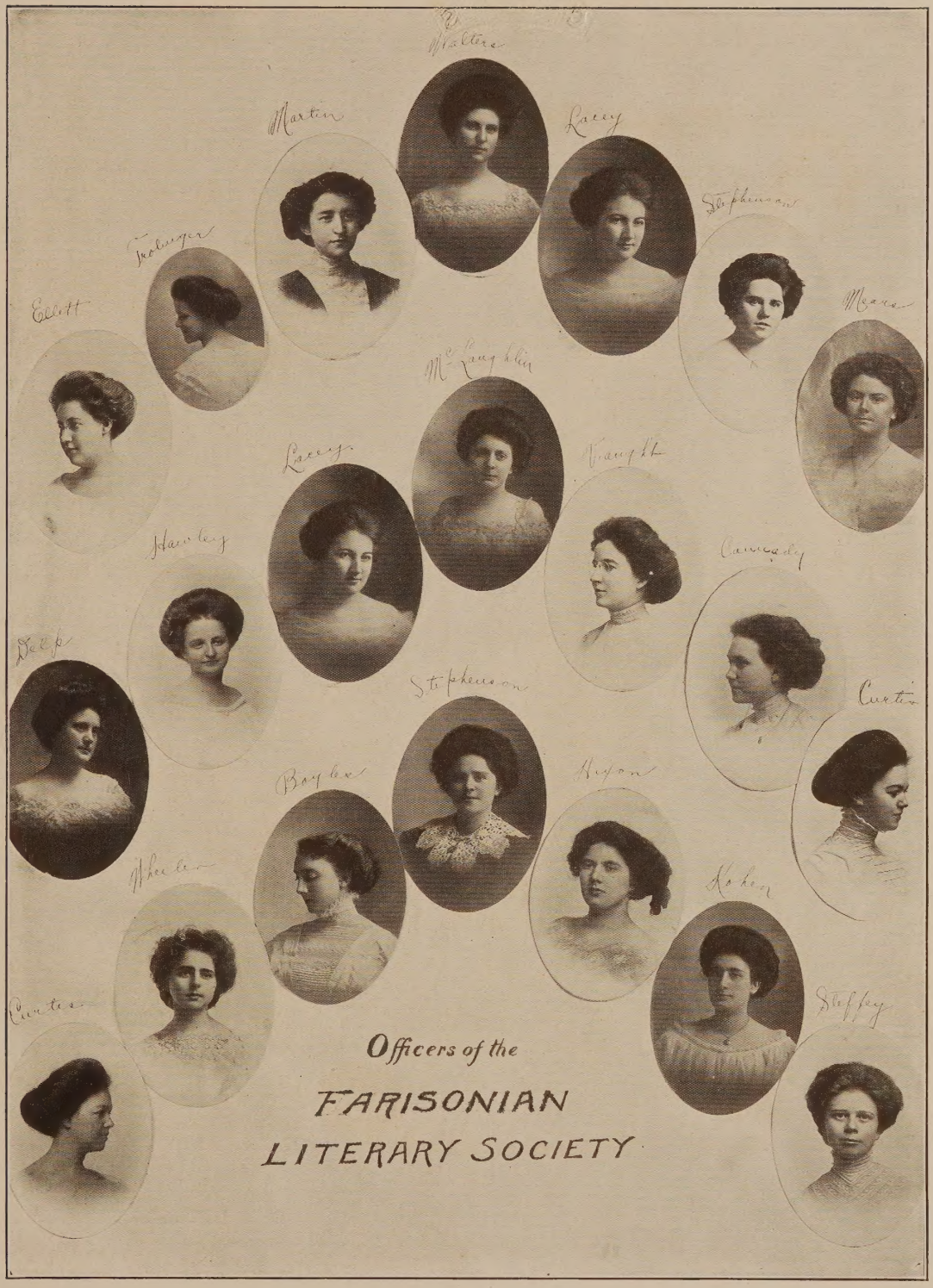
President—Eula Walters
V.-Prest.—Leslie Lacey
Secretary—SumpieMartin
Treas.—Julia Trolinger
Monitor—
Fannie Stephenson
Critic—Mary Ellett
Librarian—Ella Mears

SECOND TERM

President—Edith McLaughlin
V.-President—Katherine Vaught
Secretary—Leslie Lacey
Treasurer —Lora Cannady
Monitor—Louise Hawley
Critic—Nell Curtis
Librarian—Laura Freece Delp

THIRD TERM

Prest.—Fannie Stephenson
V.-Prest.—Cornelia Hixon
Secretary—Maggie Boyles
Treasurer—
Mary Wendell Wheeler
Monitor—Gussie Kohen
Critic—Mary Steffy
Librarian—Nell Curtis


Officers of the
FARISONIAN
LITERARY SOCIETY

Clionian Literary Society

OFFICERS

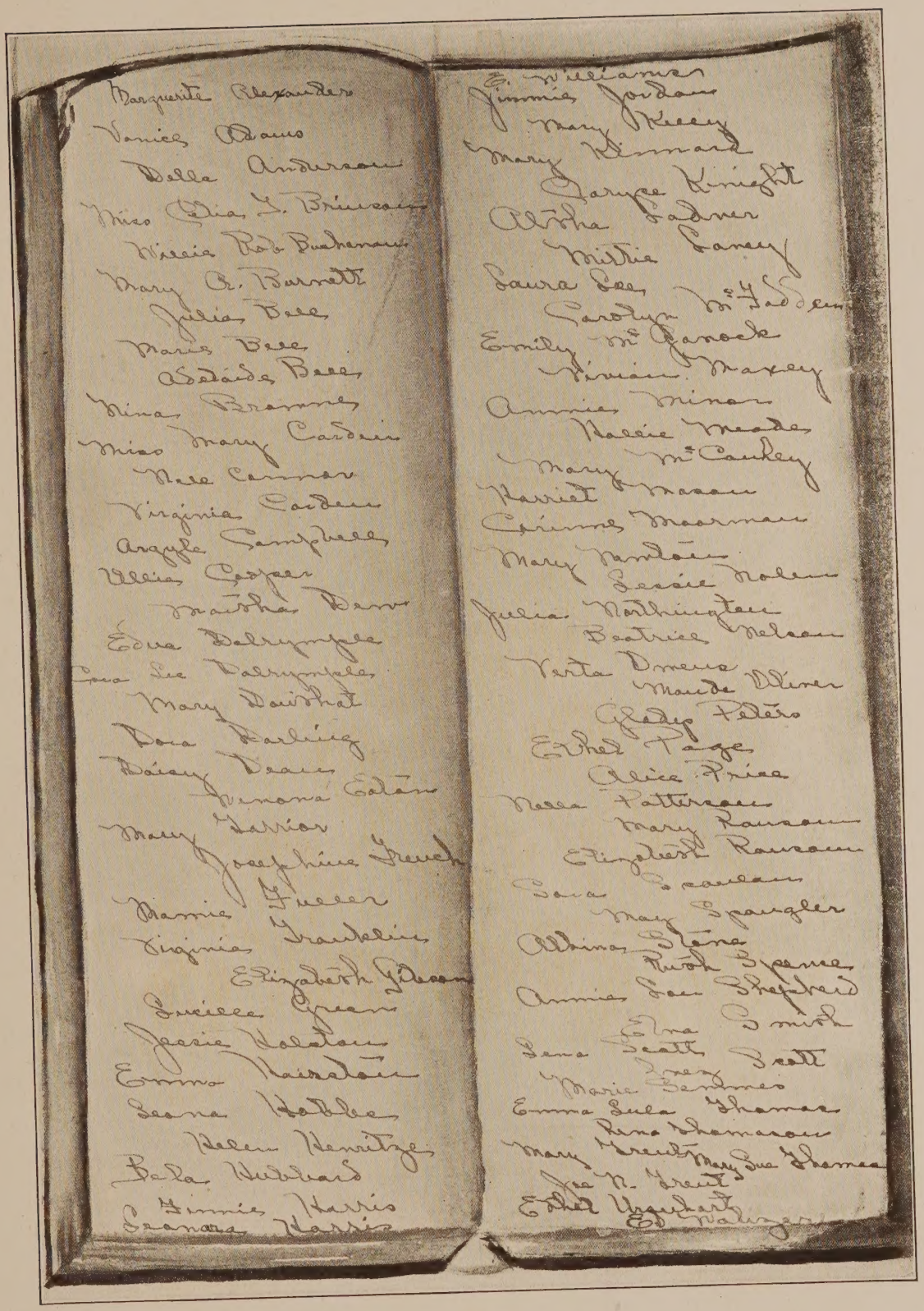
First Quarter
Martha Dew . . . President
Vivian Maxey . . . Vice-President
Altha Ladner . . . Secretary
Elizabeth Gibson . . . Treasurer
Albina Stone . . . Marshall
Helen Henritze . . . Librarian
Second Quarter
Altha Ladner . . . President
Vivian Maxey . . . Vice-President
Sara Scanlon . . . Secretary
Elizabeth Gibson . . . Treasurer
Emily McGavock . . . Marshall
Helen Henritze . . . Librarian

Third Quarter

Martha Dew	*President*	Elizabeth Gibson	*Treasurer*
Vivian Maxey	*Vice-President*	Mary Trent	*Marshall*
Annie Lou Shepherd	*Secretary*	Helen Henritze	*Librarian*

Colors
Blue and Gold

Flower
Chrysanthemum



A Young Girl's Complaint

Aw, g'way!
I don't lik you no more,
'Cause you said the other day
That my dress was tore,
That my hair was red,
That my eyes were green,
That I certainly wasn't fit to be seen.

Aw, g'way!
I don't like you no more,
I never forgive you
For I feel so sore.
So go on away,
I'll not ask you to stay,
For I don't lik you no more—no more.

Faculty Alphabet

A stands for Alberti, a grand singer is he,
But never from practice has he excused me.

B stands for Baskervill and as you all know,
With her short, quick steps she hurries to and fro.

C stands for Caldwells who're tied to a string,
And Mabel and Cretia hold the end of the thing.

D stands for "diamond" like Miss Hawley wears,
Ask her who's it is and she charges and tears.

E stands for Eakle, can you guess the rest?
Why he's Miss Carden's *very* best.

F is for Forbes from New York, you know;
Just give her time and she'll tell you so.

G is for "Gym" and that means a stunt,
Right there's where Miss Brinson can't be "*skunt.*"

H is for "*Honey*", Dr. Martin's pet name,
Ask Mrs. Martin and she'll tell you the same.

I is for Iseman whose picture we can't get,
But I'll bet *somebody* has them to let.

J is for Janie, the Faculty's pet,
How could they help it? For she's the cutest one yet.

K is for kind and as dear as can be,
That's Miss Smith, all Sullin's girls agree.

M is for "Mot"—McGavock's the rest,
She forgets everything but never a test.

O is for oldest and young tho' he be,
It thus stands for Bodell, a professor is he.

P is for preacher and that's "Uncle Ray,"
He preaches of "*love*" the live long day.

Q is for "quality" and "quantity," too,
And that's Miss Clare Martin to be sure.

R is for "run," something you have to do
When any of the Faculty gets after you.

S is for "smiles," like Miss Martin gives.
I reckon she'll smile as long as she lives.

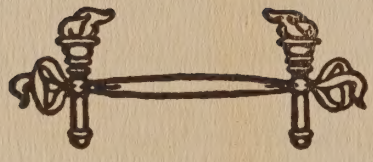
T is for "tiny" and that's Miss Morton,
She is one whom you won't have to shorten.

U is for "us," the Faculty of '09.
Never shall a one be left behind.

V is for the Vredenburg's, the last and the least,
For them "enough is as good as a feast."

W is for Watkins, but "*Maybe*," when at this you glance,
Her name will be changed to *Mrs. Dick Vance.*

Y is for "Yaw," whom Mr. Findlay used to "*rush*,"
Ask him about it now and watch him blush.



ATHLETICS
Mamie Adler

GYMNASIUM

POSITIONS

Center
CORNELIA HIXON

Left Guard—Sumpie Martin
Right Guard—Martha Dew
Left Forward—Emma Hairston
Right Forward—Elva Smith

YELL

Rat-a-ta-thrat, ta thrat, to thrat
Tare-to-lix, to-lix, to-lix,;
Kick-a-bob-bah, Kick-a-bob-bah
Tigers, Tigers! Rah, rah, rah!

Stars

Motto
Throw your ball at a Star

Colors
Old Gold and Blue

Jess Holston, *Captain*

Jess Holston	Saturn	*Right Forward*
Fannie Stephenson	Mars	*Left Forward*
Mary Ransom	Venus	*Center*
Edna Dalrymple	Neptune	*Right Guard*
Della Anderson	Jupiter	*Left Guard*

Yells

Hipiti-minigi, hinigi, flinigi,
Humpti, punkti, I
Who—o-o-o-o-?
Stars!

Hallabaloo, rah! rah!
Hallabaloo, rah! rah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Stars! Stars!

MOTTO: "*Step on her before she steps on you.*"

Forwards	*Captain*: N. CURTIS	*Guards*
M. BELL	*Center*: J. BELL	E. WILLIAMS
F. HARRIS		N. CURTIS

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
Hurrah for Crescents, for players we are.
If you're going to bet and want to win,
Risk all on the Crescents—you'll shout and grin.

Substitutes: O. GUNN and R. LYLE COLORS: *Blue and White*

Crescents! Crescents!
Hoop! Ra! Ree!
Never was a better team
In old S. C.

Our team will never fail,
Our courage ne'er be lost,
And any team that plays with us
Had as well "give up the ghost!"

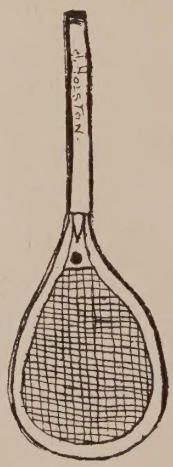
BABES BASKET
FORWARD — FORWARD
GUNN-CAMPBELL
CENTER
CARDEN
GUARD
KELLY
SUB.
JANIE MARTIN
GUARD
SCOTT
—YELL—
BABES BABES GOOD AND SWEET,
FROM THE CROWN OF OUR HEAD,
TO THE SOLE OF OUR FEET.
WHEN WE PLAY BALL
WE AIN'T BEE BEET
MOTTO
"DES TAINT BEE BEET."

TENNIS RACKETS

MOTTO: *Don't raise dust—raise a racket*

BY-WORD: *"The deuce"*

VIRGINIA CARDEN
LEONORE HARRIS
GLADYS PETERS
JESS HOLSTON
ESSIE BOOTHE
JOSEPHINE FRENCH
SARAH SCANLAN
ALICE PRICE



Here's to the champion Tennis Club,
And here's to every member.
Here's to the many games we've played,
Here's hoping past times we'll remember.

Psyche and Bangs

Bangs and Psyche had a dispute—
  Said Bangs to Psyche, "I know I am cute."
Said Psyche to Bangs, "More stylish am I,"
  "Why! Psyche, my dear, you know it's a lie."

"You are jealous, Bangs," said Psyche with a grin.
  "Why should I be jealous? I was the first to come in."
"I know I look nicer," said Psyche to Bangs.
  "But you are not seen like me in all gangs."

"I'll admit you run from college to shop."
  "Now here, Miss Psyche, its time for you to stop."
"But, Bangs, you know you have common grown."
  "Why, Psyche, I wish you had never been known."

"The advantage I have of you, Bangs, you see—
  There's oh! so much, so much more to me."
"But here, Miss Psyche, I am *real* you know,
  And you are not, now how does that go?"

"But, Bangs, you'd like to, if you possibly could,
  Be made up now, you know you would.
I see right now where Judge Hair must appear
  And try this case with a jury near."

The hair be the judge and we want to know,
  Between Psyche and Bangs, which one must go.
The hair-pins the jury—twelve good ones, too—
  And Rats, stay near; we may call on you."

The case is on docket, Bangs and Psyche appear;
  The Judge and the Jury are all seated near.
The Judge gets up and calls on each,
  Then they rise up and make their speech.

You will very soon know how the party won out.
Let the Jury decide, now which one will shout!
The one who has the most points of course.
Now to try this case it takes much of force.

The Jury has now appeared, I see.
Bangs said, "Read the decision as quick as can be."
"Don't be so impatient for fear at the end
You'll be disappointed, disappointed, my friend."

We, the Jury of twelve hair-pins strong,
Find many of Bangs' points to be very wrong.
So Psyche wins—very easily, too.
Judge Hair then says—"I am glad it is through."

Those points that won were those darling curls,
Which are seen on all the good looking girls.
So Bangs must now quickly disappear,
And we greet Miss Psyche with a rousing cheer.

A. F. Stone, C. L. S.

State Clubs

Flower
Virginia Creeper

Colors
Blue and Gold

Song
Carry Me Back to Old Virginia

Edith McLaughlin, *President*
Eula Walters, *Vice-President*
Sadie Ellett, *Secretary*
Emily McGavock, *Historian*
Viola Ayers, *Artist*
Albina Stone, *Poet*

Viola Ayers
Essie Boothe
Argyle Campbell
Stella Carson
Beatrice Colhoun
Ollie Cooper
Winnie Crozier
Laura Freece Delp
Mary Ellett
Sadie Ellett
Mr. Findlay
Elizabeth Gibson
Kate Graves
Miss Hawley
Louise Hawley
Rosa Jackson
Miss Jordan

Kathleen Dickenson
Emily McGavock
Miss McLaughlin
Edith McLaughlin
Christine Mundy
Fannie Stephenson
Katherine Wilkerson
Isabel Judkins
Kate Jennings
Ada Kyle
Gussie Kohen
Leslie Lacey
Nellie Ligon
Hallie Meade
Ella Mears
Miss McGavock
Verta Owens
Ethel Page
Myrtle Rector
Lena Scott
Ruby Steele
Mary Steffy
Albina Stone
Ruth Spence
Julia Trolinger
Eula Walters
Hallie Woods

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine seems nowhere so bright
As in Virginia.
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia;
Nor quite so filled with happy song
As in Virginia.
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by
Down in Virginia.

There is nowhere a land so fair
As old Virginia;
So full of song, so free of care,
As old Virginia;
And I believe that Happy Land
That God's prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia.

Tennessee Club

OFFICERS

Katherine Vaught . *President* — Della Anderson . . *Secretary*
Marguerite Alexander, *Vice-Prest.* — Nelle Connor . . . *Treasurer*

ROLL

Marguerite Alexander
Della Anderson
Etta Broce
Bess Broce
Nelle Connor
Dorothy Cure
Virginia Carden
Mamie Fuller
Josephine French
Jessie Holston
Mary Kelly
Mary Kinnard
Ruth Lyle
Laura Lee
Reba Maloney
Mary Ransom
Elizabeth Ransom
Elva Smith
Inez Scott
Lena Belle Starnes
Elizabeth Starnes
Una V. Templin
Mary Sue Thomas
Mary Trent
Katherine Vaught
Mary Wendell Wheeler
Mrs. Baskervill
Mrs. Martin
Miss Carden
Mr. Trent

Kentucky Club

SONG
"My Old Kentucky Home"

COLOR
Blue-grass

FLOWER
Red Clover

MEDICINE
Rock and Rye

BIRD
Kentucky Cardinal

Membership restricted to a limited number.

HELEN HENRITZE

CAROLINE SMITH

DRINK
Mountain Dew

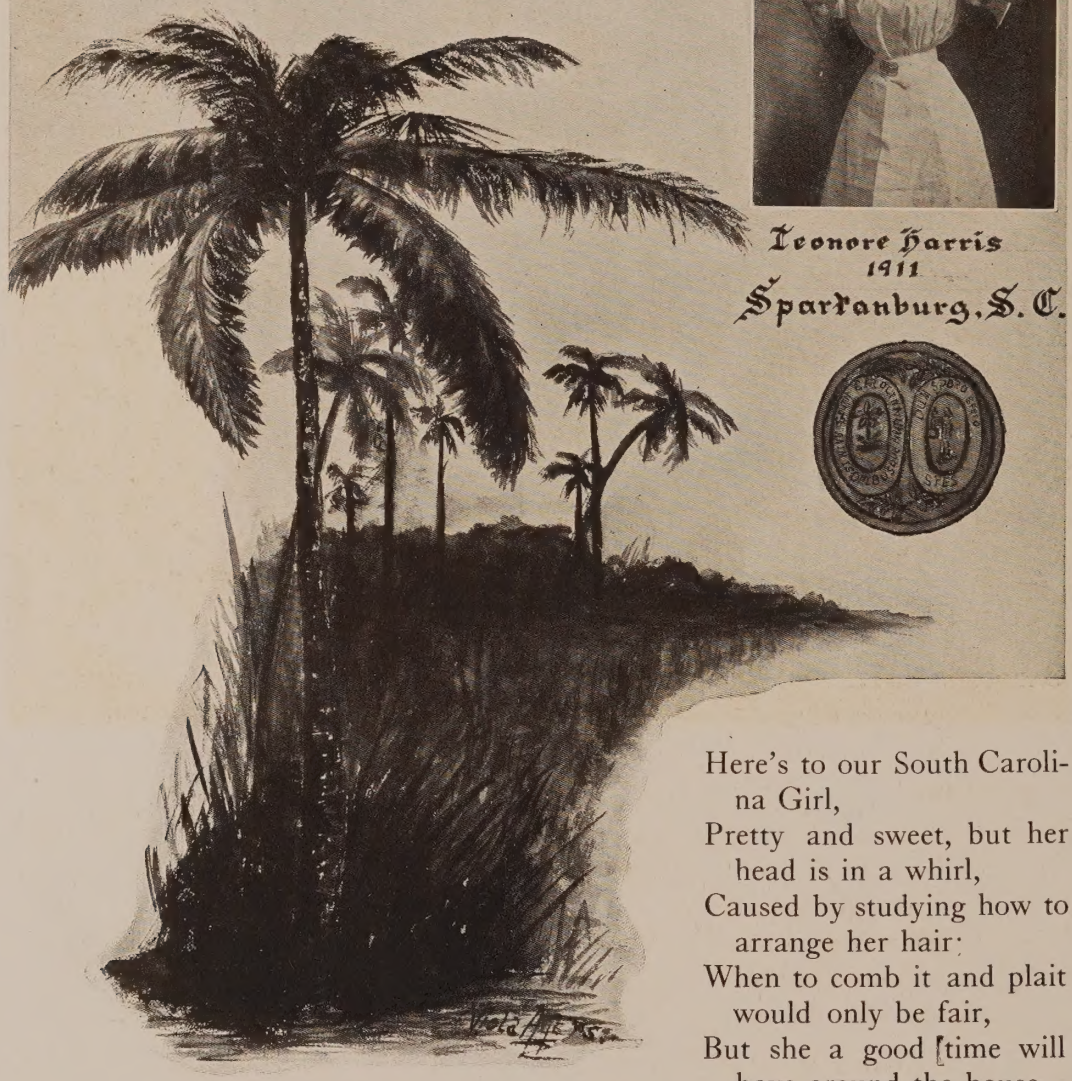
PERFUME
New Mown Hay

TOAST

Here's to Kentucky, my native state,
Here's to Kentucky grand and great,
Where the blue grass waves the bluest;
Where the blue bloods are not the fewest:
Where the song birds are the sweetest;
Where the thoroughbreds are the fleetest;
Where the sunshine is ever clearest;
Where the moonshine acts the queerest;
Where plain girls are the fewest;
Where their little hearts are truest;
Here's to her—Kentucky—the State of States.

South Carolina

Leonore Harris
1911
Spartanburg, S. C.



Here's to our South Carolina Girl,
Pretty and sweet, but her head is in a whirl,
Caused by studying how to arrange her hair;
When to comb it and plait would only be fair,
But she a good time will have around the house,
With rats in her hair, though afraid of a mouse.
She comes from a land of sunshine and cotton.
May she and her state ne'er be forgotten.

Mississippi Club

FLOWER
Cotton-blossom

MOTTO
In John Sharp Williams we trust

OFFICERS

VIVIAN MAXEY . . . . . *President*
WENONA EATON . . . . . *Vice-President*
MARY BURNETT . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

EULAH BOWLES	Greenwood
SARAH SCANLAN	Newton
CORA LEE DALRYMPLE	Guntown
EDNA DALRYMPLE	Guntown
WENONA EATON	Columbia
ALICE PRICE	Batesville
ALTHA LADNER	Columbia
VIVIAN MAXEY	Meridian
MARY BURNETT	Newton

Alabama Club

Colors
Red and White

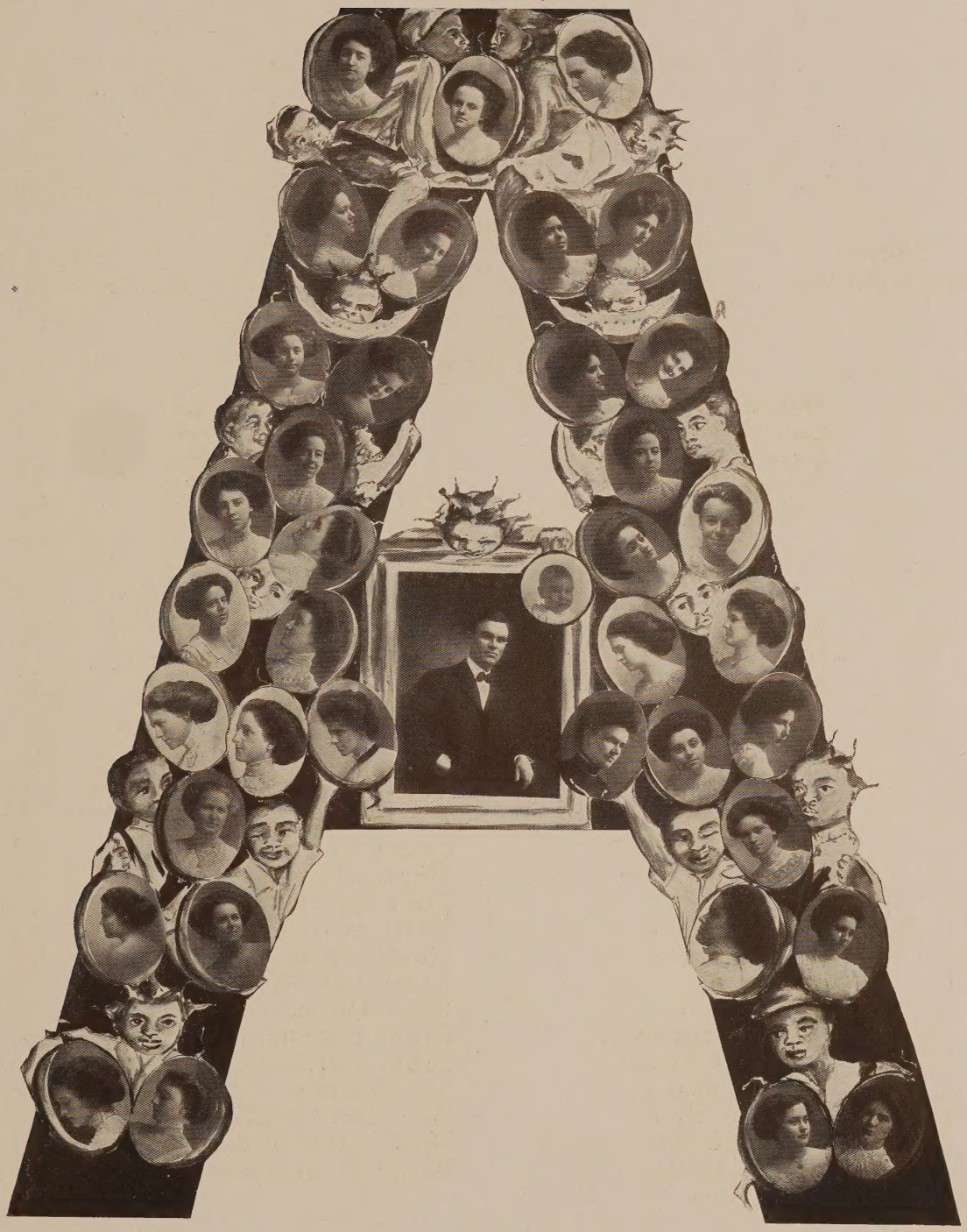
Flower
Red Carnation

OFFICERS

Martha Dew	*President*
Emma Hairston	*Secretary*
Emma Loula Thomas	*Treasurer*
Nina Browne	*Poet*
Amy Watkins	*Artist*

ROLL

Marie Bell
Julia Bell
Adelaide Bell
Nina Browne
Willie Rob Buchanan
Maggie Boyles
Lora Cannady
Nell Curtis
Martha Dew
Sadie Elliott
Mae Elliott
Mary Farrior
Lucile Green
Ada Gunn
Ocllo Gunn
Emma Hairston
Cornelia Hixon
Bela Hubbard
Mabelle Hill
Finnie Harris
Jummie Jordan
Mary Kolb
Mittie Laney
Janie Baskervill Martin
Carolyn McFadden
Sumpie Martin
Annie Mae McCoy
Corinne Moorman
Annie Minor
Julia Northington
Lessie Nolen
Myrtle Peagler
Elsie Rencher
Katie Scott
Marie Simms
Annie Lou Shepherd
Rena Thomason
Ethel Urquhart
Ethel Williams
Amy Watkins
Miss Leila Martin
Miss Claire Martin
Dr. W. E. Martin



Maryland Club

Texas Club

Toast

Here's to Texas, the "Lone Star
State"—
The State for fun galore;
Here's to Texas, grand and great,
Here's to the State we adore.

Here's to dear old Georgia,
The Empire State of the South;
Here's to good old 'possum,
Which is pleasing to the mouth;

Here's to President Billy,
Who in Georgia gave his feast;
Here's to Southern Georgia—
Beats the West, the North, the East.

West Virginia Club

A College Girl's Will

To the girl who next occupies my room,
I gladly will my dust pan and broom,
Two straight chairs, though a little weak,
I think they will hold a schoolgirl meek.

The washstand, table, and two little mugs;
Soap dish, shade and three green rugs;
A chafing dish which I bought from Kress,
And not expensive I will confess.

A bowl and pitcher, and towel rack, too;
And a rickety screen to hide them from view;
A waste basket you may also need,
And some rules and regulations you might want to read.

The old wardrobe which stands in the hall;
And even the nails which are still in the wall.
There's also a knife without a handle,
And somewhere you will find an old tallow candle.

A lamp, which you must keep out of sight,
If you want to curl your hair on reception night.
By the way, a rocking chair I leave,
And the spiders have promised a web to weave.

Some brass picture hangers which you may need,
Should you get a "picture" man, as my roommate did.
An alarm clock, in case you want to arise
And cram for the tests, that you may be wise.

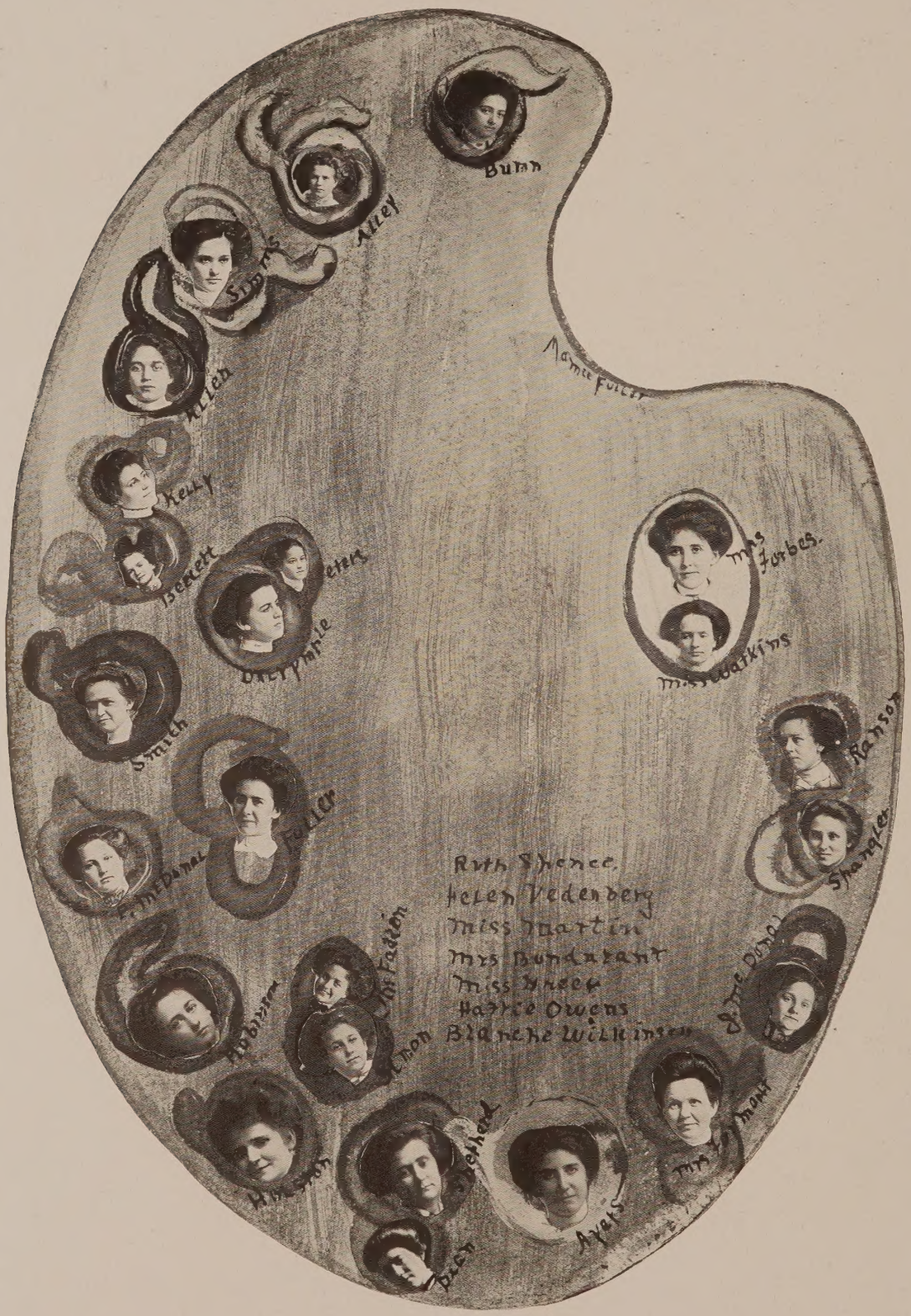
In the washstand door you will find a rope,
Which will help you out sometimes, I hope.
Of what use it is you might wish to know—
It is to draw things up from second floor.

I'm going to leave some old pencils, too;
A bottle of ink, and some shoe polish new.
The curtain poles are up pretty high,
But I will them to you for the sweet bye and bye.

Then last of all my uniform, with which I hate to part.
It has grown so dear to me, and I love it with all my heart.
My little square cap, and that is the last.
You'll need all these ere the year is past.

C. L. S.

Art Club


Burn
Alley
Simms
Allen
Mamie Fuller
Kelly
Bennett
Mrs Forbes
Miss Watkins
Ransom
Shanger
Smith
Fuller
Armstrong
Ruth Spence
Helen Vedenberg
Miss Martin
Mrs Dunnigant
Miss Nagey
Hattie Owens
Blanche Williams
Ayers

To the Art Department, and more especially to its most efficient Director, MRS. MARY COLLIER FORBES, is due the thanks of ROSEMARY for most able and valuable service, which has been most cheerfully rendered, and for which ROSEMARY is deeply grateful.

Haydn String Quartet

A. G. Vredenburg . . . . . *Violin I*
Howard Frazier . . . . . *Violin II*
James Wyman . . . . . *Viola*
Alexander Findlay . . . . . *Cello*

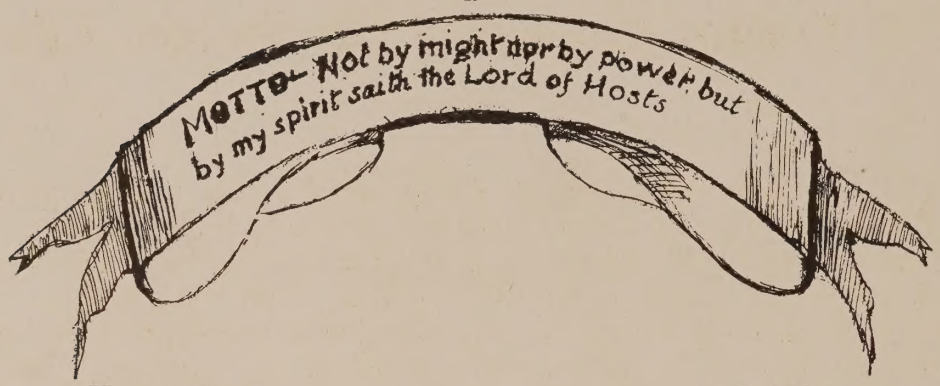
Sullins Orchestra

Louis Alberti, ... *Director*

MEMBERS OF ORCHESTRA

Miss Vonice Adams,	*Violin*
Mr. J. H. Dougherty,	*Trombone*
Mr. Alexander Findlay,	*Cello*
Mr. Harold Frasier,	*Violin*
Miss Lucile Green,	*Violin*
Miss Isabel Hawley,	*Piano*
Miss Christine Iseman,	*Organ*
Miss Maud Oliver,	*Violin*
Mr. Abe Perry,	*Violin*
Mr. Samuel Reed,	*Trombone*
Mr. W. C. Rosenblatt,	*Bass*
Mr. Ray S. Trent,	*Drums*
Mr. A. G. Vredenburg,	*Violin*
Mr. J. H. Wilson,	*Cornet*
Mr. James Wyman,	*Viola*

Y. W. C. A.



HELEN HENRITZE, ... *President*
ETHEL URQUHART, ... *Vice-President*
LESLIE LACEY, ... *Secretary and Treasurer*
MARGUERITE ALEXANDER, ... *Organist*

LITTLE more than a century ago, all the institutions of learning within our nation were under the domination of a patronizing skepticism and irreligion prevailed among the youth of the land. Now, there is not a high-grade college within our borders where religion is unreverenced, and in which may not be found both among teachers and pupils devout followers of our Lord. No where has this new spirit received a more normal and effective expression than among the young people of our schools and colleges as now manifested in the ever-broadening work of the Young Woman's Christian Association and its kindred organizations. The very name of the Young Woman's Christian Association has grown to be a synonym for opportunity.

Recognizing that no life can be strong and sweet or find joy in itself that does not seek its greatest happiness in ministering to others, it affords genuine experience in preparation for such service, at the same time emphasizing the importance of social and intellectual development in its effort to demonstrate the wisdom of the Master when he said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

The annual Christmas Bazaar is an occasion of never-failing interest, having as its object the support of our "Sullins Girl," at the Songdo School for Women in Korea. The visit of our delegates to the yearly convention at Asheville and the presence of Miss Burner, field secretary, in our midst, proved a source of inspiration and incentive to renewed effort.

Plans are already being made for the reception of the new girls for next year. To them especially, the social committee proves not only a bureau of information, but also a comfort and pleasure in initiating them into the life of the school.

There is every indication that next year the Y. W. C. A. will be even stronger than it was this. It is the prayer of every member of the association that the great God and Father who called Samuel even before he knew the Lord's voice, may continually help in training in all our schools those who may be worthy to enter the high vocation of ambassadors in His service.

A Typical Monday of My School Life

OH! There is that old rising bell, Ruby! Are you going to get up for breakfast? I get for an answer a long sigh, and in rather a broken voice, "I don't think I shall; are you?" I don't think I shall, either, and sink back for another snooze. Suddenly, I am aroused by the seven-thirty whistles. Then I think how dreadfully hungry I will be before lunch; and maybe breakfast will be a few minutes late. I bounce out of bed, make a dive for my one-piece dress, do my hair in the quickest possible way, and after having proved my skill as an athlete, I manage to reach my table, since it is near the entrance of the dining-room, before the blessing is pronounced.

I enjoy my breakfast because I have had a struggle to get it, and I linger at the table for a long time; not merely because I am enjoying my breakfast, however, but because I wish to out-sit those teachers, and "swipe" a few biscuits for some of my sleepy friends. After having succeeded in this I rush up stairs.

I then proceed to the chapel where my patience is sorely tried for the space of about an hour, while I sit on top of a desk, swinging my feet, and wondering why that washwoman doesn't come. Finally she arrives and I am too glad to see her to be mad. I again run away to my room, which at this time on Monday mornings is always in very much of a disheveled state. My roommate and I together finally succeed in putting things to rights.

It is almost ten o'clock by this time, so we must hurry and primp up for going to town. I get my partner and we head straight for Kress', where we examine all the new ornaments for head and neck, invest in ten cents worth of candy or peanuts, and proceed on our way. We go to all the stores where hats are a specialty, and after trying them all on, I finally become infatuated with a beautiful black one trimmed in an abundance of old rose flowers. I do not know how much I like it until I get away and think about it. Then I decide that it is a "perfect dream;" and I just must have it, but I am very much afraid that father would not agree with me if he were to see the price. Really, I do not see how I am to get through the summer without that hat!

While we discuss hats, suits, and various spring topics the time seems to have taken wings, for suddenly the twelve o'clock whistles begin to blow and we are still on State Street. Gasping for breath, we reach the college and meet the duty teacher. As a special favor she goes back and strikes off our names, although she is in a great hurry to go to town. We are deeply grateful, but have no breath with which to express our gratitude.

When I again reach my room I am thoroughly exhausted, and have a headache, too, so I must lie down and rest before I can do any work. And work—the thoughts of all I have to do give me a dreadful sinking feeling, and especially that awful old composition that I must hand in to-morrow. I have not even thought of a subject upon which to write. I never could write compositions, anyway, and I am simply desperate.

After lunch I decide I will get up some of my lessons because I know that if I begin with that composition I will spend the whole afternoon thinking about it and will end up without having written it, or learned any of my lessons either. After watching the girls start out for a horse-back ride, and after talking around for a little while with my nearest neighbors in the hall, I suddenly realize that it is three o'clock and I have not accomplished anything yet. So I dive into Latin with great earnestness. I do a great deal of hard thinking and resort frequently to the text, and finally succeed in writing out a few facts about Cæsar, Laberius, and a few more dear ancient brothers who have caused me so much trouble and have made so many wrinkles in my brow.

After this I decide to practice a little. I am very much absorbed when my roommate comes down and tells me that there is a lady upstairs who wishes to see me. I of course am very much excited and begin discussing what I shall put on. After enjoying the joke for several minutes, my roommate informs me that the "lady" is my washwoman. I have a short interview with the lady, then resume my practice. I am just beginning to get interested again when the dinner bell rings.

In the intermission between dinner and study hall, I have to learn my Musical History, as we recite this lesson during the first two periods of study hall. When I get to class I find only two other girls there, and they have lost their "Musicians," which we are studying at present. Evelyn has it announced in chapel that she has lost hers, and Maude promptly says, "She can't have mine." Is it not selfish in her? After waiting for several minutes for the remainder of the class, which, however, did not appear, Mr. Findlay excuses us on condition that we have an exceptionally good lesson for next time.

I practice for a little while, then begin that dreadful composition and write almost unceasingly until I am interrupted by the night bell. As the paper is still far from being completed, I set the alarm and resolve to get up early next morning and finish it. It is not necessary to say whether or not that resolution was carried out. It is necessary to say only that I had to get ready for bed in the dark and that I slept very well, considering the fact that I had such a burden on my mind.

J. Trolinger. (F. L. S.)

Hallowe'en

'Twas the thirtieth of October,
And like spooks we tried to be;
We paraded 'round the campus—
But we soon got "23."

With sheets thrown 'round and masks on, too,
A ghostly sight to behold.
But the fun we had, if you only knew,
Has not to the faculty been told.

We started from second, down back stairs,
So quiet you could hear a mouse.
We sailed on through the chapel,
But not disturbing the house.

We went with ease 'till the kitchen we reached,
And there we felt like stopping,
But "go on, girls!" was heard from each—
We went through the dining-room hopping.

We raised the window, but quietly did it,
No noise was heard at all
Until on the campus each girl had landed—
The faculty past years did recall.

"Don't mind night watchman!" was heard from one,
"Go on just like you don't see him,"
For brave ones we had in our Hallowe'en crowd;
We went to our fun with vim.

We kept this up for quite a while,
Then tired and worn out,
We crept loudly to our rooms,
Each giving a good night shout.

Sweet dreams we had of our fun that had passed,
Not thinking of what was to come;
But Monday, when we looked on chapel door,
We all felt rather "bum."

Two demerits apiece for each of our crowd,
Was what we had to serve,
But we frankly state we are glad to say
We possessed so much good nerve.

So here's to Hallowe'en,
And here's to our fun outright,
And may we in after years
Think of that memorable night.

Here's to each of the crowd,
And the bravery they possess.
Here's *not* to the punishment we served,
For it hurt us, I'll confess.

A. F. Stone, C. L. S.

BEST VOCALIST
LACEY
CUTEST
MARTIN
MOST STYLISH
SHEPHERD
MOST POPULAR
SMITH
NEATEST
WALIZER
BEST ARTIST
WATKINS
BEST READER
DICKENSON
BEST REPRESENTATIVE
DEW
MOST BEAUTIFUL
DALRYMPLE
SMARTEST
CARDEN
MOST GRACEFUL
CAMPBELL
BEST PIANIST
BURNETT

Senior Minstrels

Favorite Song: BROKE, BROKE, BROKE!

The Sullins College girls get the money every month,
And they spent it in a day
For ice cream sodas and for dopes,
The dough they gladly pay.
On Saturday nights they hurry to spend at the rink,
On operas and on plays
The cash they surely sink,
But when it comes to laundry and to incidental bills,
They all begin to sing :

CHORUS

Broke, broke, absolutely broke.
Sounds real funny, but it ain't no joke,
When you're hungry, and you're thirsty
And there's nothing left to soak—
B-r-o-k-e spells broke !
When chapel bell rings, then we know we've got to go
And hear a lecture right ;
Mrs. Baskervill takes the floor, but there's teachers galore—
And they put us in a fright.
She tells us of demerits and the pranks—they've caught up with ;
She calmly says no State Street,
For there you have no "biz,"
But let me tell you people, if the girl is very game,
She'll go on just the same—
To :

CHORUS

Town, town, just to bum around.
Up to the bakery and in Colbert's they'll be found,
And in Tip Top and at Faidley's
The old Sullins girls abound—
S-l-i-p off to town.

Dramatic Club

MEMBERS

Mary Ellett
Ocllo Gunn
Isabel Judkins
Vivian Maxey
Alice Price
Claryce Knight
Kathleen Dickenson
Mary Holman Smith
Etta Broce
Adelaide Bell
Myrtle Rector
Elizabeth Ransom
Annie Lou Shepherd
Winnie Crozier
Yetta Hecht
Lucile Greene
Pearl Andes
Fannie Stevenson

Newspaper Item

BRISTOL HER

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—Roancke

Entertainment by Literary Society

A good sized audience was present last night at Sullins college to witness the able presentation by the talented members of the Farisonian Literary society of the clever one and two-act comedies, respectively, "A Gentle Jury" and "A Box of Monkeys."

Both these farces are very amusing in plot and in situation, and those who appeared in each took full advantage of their opportunities, developing them to the most complete possibilities. The different parts were acted in a manner superior to that of many professionals, as there was no evidence of anything resembling stage fright, and the characters were represented with a fidelity and absence of exaggeration truly admirable. There was none of the artificiality and "staginess" seen so often among the lesser lights of the "profession." All the roles, masculine as well as feminine, were filled by students of the college, and were of an equal degree of excellence. Even the amusing innovation of a butler's livery, including an overcoat, could not distract from the ability with which the part was played.

The first of the two farces dealt with the trials and troubles of the first women's jury, the right to serve on which has been secured after a long, arduous campaign, but it proves to be a less desirable privilege than was anticipated and the jury finally dissolves—mostly in tears, without having arrived at a verdict.

Miss Cannady, as the deep-voiced, bewhiskered sheriff, had a most convincing swager, playing the part to perfection. Miss Dickenson, of the Clionian society, as forewoman, displayed marked ability, taking full advantage of her opportunity for some clever acting. Miss Douthat, of the same society, and Miss Broce, as rival leaders in suffrage movement, filled what were probably the most difficult roles in a most capable manner, displaying talent in acting and impersonation. All the other jurywomen, though less in the limelight than the above mentioned, acted their parts to perfection.

The little two-act farce, "A Box of Monkeys," is the amusing story of a rich, clever, breezy, unconventional western girl transferred from her native prairies to the eastern home of her aunt, who longed to become a member of the "400" and marry her niece to a nobleman. These views do not at all agree with those of the niece, who is engaged to a young westener, part owner of an apparently worthless mine. His partner, a "second son" of a nobleman, loves Lady Guenivere Landpoore, but the father objects because of the yonug man's lack of funds. All these characters met accidentally at the aunt's house, the young westener, by an amusing conjunction of circumstances being forced to act as butler, the aunt being ignorant of his true identity. The result causes many laughable situations, but the curtain finally falls on the lovers whose affections are no longer opposed, the mine having proved to be of great value.

Misses Andes and Hawley played the male roles, making stunning "men," and acting the part of ardent lovers with much fervor and fidelity.

Miss Walters, as Mrs. Ondego-Jhones, the aunt, could not have been improved upon, while Misses Jordan and McLaughlin as the American and English beauties, respectively, were perfectly irresistible.

After the play an informal reception was very much enjoyed by the young people present.

The selection by the college string quartet was much enjoyed.

Below is the "dramatis personæ:"

THE PROGRAM.

A Gentle Jury.

Cyrus Hackett, sheriff—Miss Cannady.
Mrs. Dingley, forewoman—Miss Dickenson.
Mrs. Blake—Miss Rector.
Mrs. Fritz—Miss Judkins.
Mrs. Small—Miss Trolinger.
Mrs. Fairly—Miss Allett.
Mrs. Jones—Miss Mears.
Mrs. Fort—Miss Crozler.
Miss Skinner—Miss Douthat, C. L. S.
Miss Sharp—Miss Broce.
Miss Jellyson—Miss Boyles.
Miss Smith—Miss Wheeler.
Mrs. Dyer—Miss Stephenson.

A Box of Monkeys.

Edward Ralston—Miss Andes—A promising young American; half owner of Sierra gold mine.

Chauncey Oglethorpe—Miss Hawley—Ralston's partner, and second son of Lord Doncaster.

Mrs. Ondego-Jhones—Miss Walters—An admirer of rank.

Sierra Bengaline—Miss Jordan—A wild rose from the prairies.

Lady Guenivere Landpoore—Miss McLaughlin—An English primrose; daughter of Earl of Paynaught.

Orchestra.

First Violin—Mr. Vredenburg, Mr. Findlay.
Second Violin—Mr. Howard Frazier, Miss Oliver, Miss Green, Miss Adams.
Viola—Mr. Joe Wyman.
Bass—Mr. Rosenblatt.
Piano—Mr. Claude Thomas.

MUNIC

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dered civilization, a standard of public morals, education, religion, culmake community life worth while, irrespective of the accident that swept

The Professor

FIVE members of the "Stuffing Club" had gathered in the president's room, where apparently each seemed determined to live up to the characteristic motto of the club—"Stuff, stuff and refrain not from stuffing as long as there is wherewithal to stuff." A chafing dish that sent out delicious odor of cooking oysters occupied the table in the midst of the group. With utter disregard to heaven's first law, paper bags that rattled mysteriously were scattered in every direction. The five girls, clad in kimonas and with hair done up in pigtails and curl papers, sprawled about the room on sofa pillows or on the floor in a fashion that sent the dignity of the Senior class begging. These young ladies would never have been recognized as the five girls of the Senior class to whom the entire student body referred as the "swells" of the school.

One of the members of the club known to the faculty and outside world as the dignified and brilliant Miss Thornton ventured to speak: "Friends and fellow citizens, lend me your ears. I would speak to thee. Unless a certain young lady answering to the name of Dorothy Audit arrives in a very few minutes, you may send my trunks home to my mother, my love and my new Senior picture to my beloved Tom and publish to the world that the very sad death of Miss Margaret Thornton was due to starvation."

"Aw get out," growled Bess Ashe.

"I tell you folks, I'm starving. And I shall break the ironclad rule of the club and eat before all the members are present if Dot doesn't come on."

"Aw shut up, Margaret; you know she'll surely be here in a few minutes. The idea of Dot's missing a feast is simply preposterous," said the president. I will appoint you two young ladies as a committee to go in search of her."

The two girls got up and slipping on their long-suffering raincoats, ran out in search of the missing member. Presently they returned with no information concerning the object of their search.

"I guess Miss Brown kept her after class for a few minutes' conversation." Dorothy's devotion to Miss Brown was the standing joke of the class. Miss Brown's niece was Dorothy's roommate and in that way the friendship began—but you shall hear of that later.

"Oh, say, please let's begin to consume. These oysters will not be fit for anything if we do not eat them soon."

"Alright." At this they attacked the feast in a way that would put the appetite of a farm laborer to shame. Margaret soon satisfied her uncomfortable appetite and took time to again comment on Dorothy's absence.

"I wish Dot would come on. I was hoping that we would have some late news from Prof. Randolph Stuart Robinson."

"So was I," said Bess. "I think it's perfectly fascinating to have a romance like that right here in our own crowd. All of our sweethearts are so commonplace —in a way."

"Hum-m—yours may be," snapped Janet.

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean that we met them in a most conventional sort of way. Known 'em all our lives, played together when we were children and all that sort of thing. They are all O. K., but just think how Dot must feel to be the heroine of such a fascinating romance. I think it's perfectly darling."

"Wouldn't that make a fine story for the 'Era?' If the whole thing were not so well known I would color up the plot, change a few of the details and write it for the next issue." Janet was the story-writer of the class. The "Era" fairly bristled with her wit and fancy.

"Yes, it would make a dandy story. Here goes the plot." said Bess. "Swellest girl in school consents to room with plain looking new girl because the plain looking new girl happens to be a relative of her favorite teacher. Swell girl finds plain looking new girl very bright and interesting—more interesting news—plain looking new girl has charming brother—graduate of Yale—studied abroad—now college professor—plain looking girl goes home for vacation—charming brother sees swell girl's picture—falls in love with it—plain looking girl delighted—so is swell girl—sentimental professor writes poetry to swell girl—swell girl falls madly in love with sentimental professor, and—well the story is yet to end."

"You know they'll marry. It must be one of those cases where both have found their affinity. Isn't it perfectly charming to know some one who met like that? Or wouldn't it be even more charming to meet your own affinity like that?"

"I am perfectly satisfied to have known mine always," said Margaret.

Just here came an awful pounding on the door and they all, recognizing the knock, jumped up to admit the tardy member. She came in like a cyclone and barely escaped upsetting the chafing dish. She seized each one in turn and administered such a vigorous hug that the excited girls almost died of curiosity to know the cause of this outburst.

"What on earth is the matter?" exclaimed Margaret as she succeeded in extricating the president from Dot's embrace.

Dot then danced a jig in the most idiotic fashion and finally gasped in an excited manner, "He's coming, girls; he's coming."

"Who's coming?" yelled Margaret. "For heaven's sake sit down and act like a rational being for two seconds and explain this idiotic performance. Who is it that's coming, where is he from and what about it? Before you've had a single bite you shall tell all about it."

"Before I've had a bite—do you think I could eat now?"

"Why, have you lost your reason? Who on earth is causing all this excitement?

"It can't possibly be the professor?" asked Bess.

"Yes," gasped Dorothy. "The telegram said he would be here in two hours. Just think of it! Girls, I am actually going to see him. I have always felt that some great romance would be my lot and so it is. All that the old gypsy fortune teller told me was not an idle tale. I have always felt that I would marry a man of rank and fortune or extraordinary mind. How can I ever talk to him? He is so wise and I am so very silly. I am afraid he will think that I am too frivolous for anything. Grace says he is so handsome. She just raves over him. Cousin George knew him at Yale. He says he is a man of wonderful physique." She rattled on about the professor and showed no sign of stopping until arrested by a remark from Margaret. "Yes, I know his poetry is exquisite and he is absolutely perfect in every way—but if you don't hurry up and eat this stuff and get on some decent rags your romance will end in a way you are not expecting. There

is a little more than an hour 'til he arrives. So get busy. You certainly do not expect to see that wonderful man in that costume. You have to dress, child."

"Oh, dear me! I hadn't once thought of clothes. Girls, what shall I do? Someone tell me what to wear. I just must make a good impression. I am too excited to think—somebody tell me what to wear, quick."

"Come on girls, let's dress her. I have the swellest new gown on this hill. Just got it. You'll look superb in it." Bess ran out of the room dragging Dot with her. As she went out she turned her head a moment,"Good-bye grub, I'll call again."

Things to eat were forgotten in the new excitement of a man appearing on the scene.

"Just think! Isn't it great having such a charming romance right here in our own crowd? Dot how does it feel to be so honored?"

"We can discuss that later," put in Bess. "The main question that must occupy our minds now is to get this young lady dressed in the proper fashion to meet her affinity. This dress will set off those dark curls to perfection. All that bosh in the Professor's poem about your "willowy form and exquisite grace will be carried out to the letter."

She drew a long box from under the bed and took from its tissue paper rappings a beautiful gown of soft grey cloth. She took it out and held it up for inspection.

"Isn't it a dream?" said Janet.

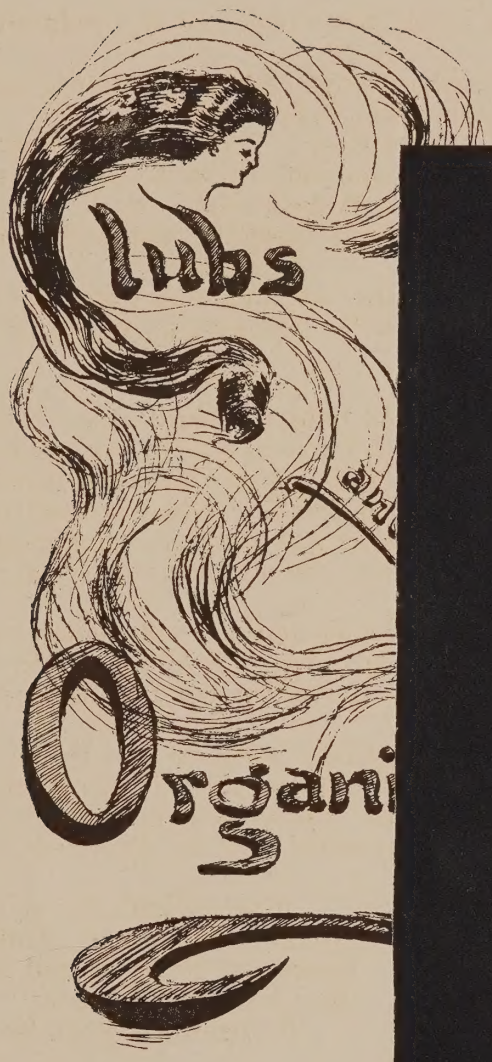
Bess began to unpin Dot's collar and unbutton her blouse. She soon succeeded in making her realize that she must hurry to get dressed in time to receive her caller. Bess was an expert on hair dressing and soon she had Dot's dark curls subdued by numerous hairpins and combs. When arrayed in the grey gown no one could deny that truly Dorothy was a creature of rare beauty. As she gazed at her reflection in the long mirror she was somewhat conscious of the fact herself.

The other girls hurried off to their rooms and in a surprisingly short length of time returned, dressed decently and in order. A knock at the door made Dorothy almost faint with excitement. It was the maid bringing in the Professor's card.

The five members of the "Stuffing Club" followed Dot to the top of the stairs that led to the parlor. There in their eagerness they hung over the banisters trying to get a peep at the wonderful man. The door was wide open and as Dot swept through, they saw as his sister presented him, the Professor himself rise to meet her.

Bess fell back shrieking into the arms of the four other "Stuffing Club" members, "Ye gods and little fishes, he is red headed and fat."

KATHERINE NEAL VAUGHT,
F. L. S.


lubs
Organi

Alpha Omega

Organized 1907

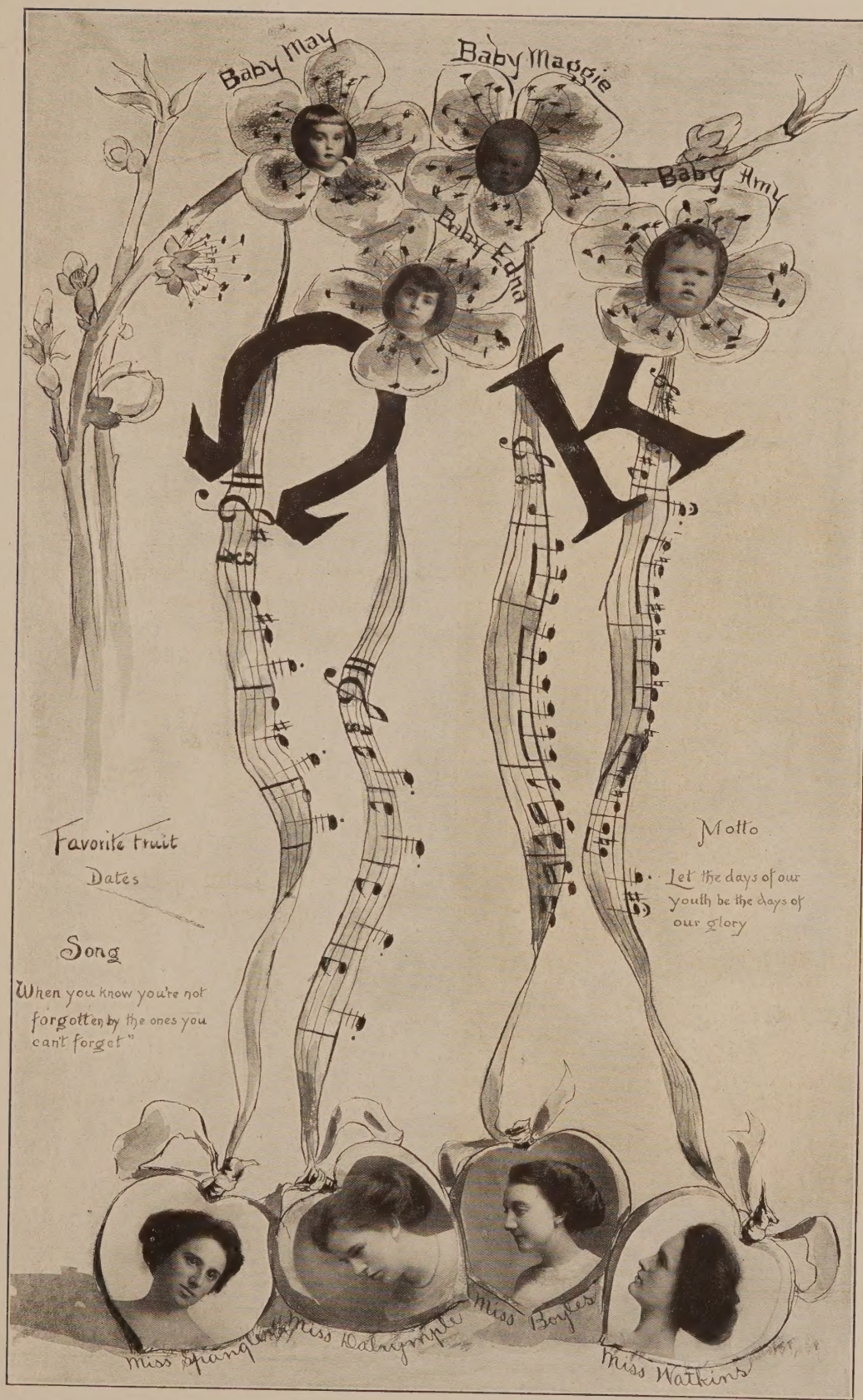
Motto
Be your brother's keeper—of Frat pins

Song
"Where's My Wandering Boy Tonight"

Annie Lou Shepherd - A. T. Ω.
Carolyn McFadden - Π. K. A.
Emma Hairston - - A. T. Ω.

Colors
Champagne and Blue

Flower
Bachelor Buttons


Baby May
Baby Maggie
Baby Amy
Baby Edna
Favorite Fruit
Dates
Song
When you know you're not forgotten by the ones you can't forget"
Motto
Let the days of our youth be the days of our glory
Miss Stanger
Miss Dalrymple
Miss Boyles
Miss Watkins

EMMA LULA THOMAS . . *"Zuella"*
INEZ SCOTT . . . . . *"Nez"*
DELLA ANDERSON . . *"Queen"*
JESSIE HOLSTON . . . *"Jess"*
JOSEPHINE FRENCH . . . . . *"Mary Joe"*

Here's to the "Fudge Party," so merry and gay,
Meets at old Sullins every Saturday.
Olives, Welsh rarebit, and fudge by the ton,
Mixed with a lot of fun.
May we always be as happy as we are this year;
May our hearts forever be filled with good cheer.
Here's to Nez, Zuella, Queen, Joe and Jess,
May fortune with happiness them ever bless.

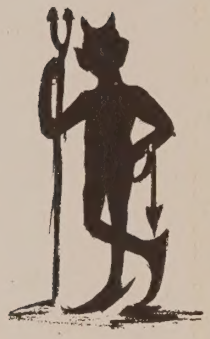
WWWWW

MOTTO
Move on kid and smile

CHIEF OCCUPATION
"Snoozing"

BROWNE—*"Kidd"*
MCGAVOCK—*"Mac"*
DICKENSON—*"Dix"*
COOPER—*"Queen"*
MCFADDEN—*"Mike"*
GUNN—*"Shot"*
ADAMS—*"Jap-a-lac"*
PRICE—*"Toots"*

Here's to the dear old W's
Who are always hard at work(?)
Here's to the one that taught us
That play we must never shirk.



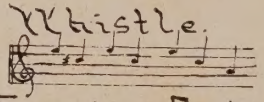
D. D.'s

Toast

Here's to D.D's, the daring club,
Here's to the naughty nine,
Here's to the good old times we've had
Here's to those we outshine

Colors.
Black and Red.

Whistle.



Line Up — Favorite Expression.

Bell, Adelaide ..... Gollee!
Bell, Marie ..... I'm is!
Bell, Julia ..... Fool!!
Cannady, Lora ..... Come on girls!
Derr, Martha ..... By Neds!
Hixon, Cornelia ..... The dickens!
Laney, Mittie ..... O pity!
Martin, Sumpie ..... Mie-ne soul!
Scott, Katie ..... Youre not game!

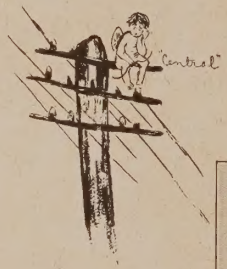
Mary Club

Kelly
Wheeler
McCauley
Elliott
Ransom
Trent
Forbes
Mary White — Shepherdess

Long Distance Club

"Talking is a woman's failing, but what would the world do without someone to do the talkng."

Inez Scott, No. 234
Della Anderson, No. 452

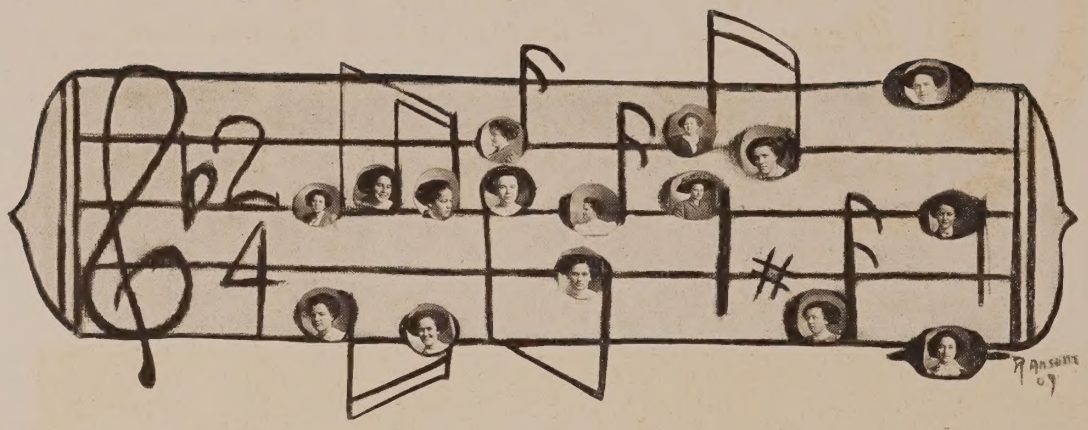


Nell Curtis, No. 245
Anna May McCoy, No. 369

Here's to you two and to we two.
If you two love we two,
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we four.
But if you two don't love we two
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we two,
And no more.

SKATING CLUB

Ragtimers



Alice Price . . . . . *President*
Mary Ransom . . . . . *Director*
Marguerite Alexander . . . . *Musician*

Colors
Green and Yellow

Motto
Catch-A-Fellow

Song

Ragtime goes with this sixteen,
If you don't believe it ask Myrtle and Corinne.
When minstrels come around to S. C.—
We have loads of fun—ask Altha and Marie.
For information, seek this sixteen—
Essie and Gladys both may be seen.
And all this crowd can't be beat,
If you don't believe it ask Nina and Marguerite.
Our information bureau never goes contrary—
If you want to know much ask Vonice and Mary.
Now with this club please don't hold malice,
If you want to know why, ask Elizabeth and Alice.
No other club is any finer.
If you want to hear jokes go to Carolyn and Bina.
Ragtime Club is a club that's merry,
If you want to know why ask Emily and Sara.

"A health to you,
A wealth to you,
And the best that life can give to you.
May fortune still be kind to you,
And happiness be true to you,
And life be long to you,
Is the toast of these four friends to you."

"Here's a toast to all that are here,
No matter where you're from.
May the best day you have seen,
Be worse than your worse to come."

MOTTO

Love to one, friendship to many, and good will to all

"We go out of this college, we know not where,
But if we are good fellows here, we'll be
Thoroughbreds there."

"Happy have we met,
Happy have we been,
Happy let us part,
And happy meet again."

Prowlers

Motto	Time	Watchword	Meeting Place
Oil your doors	*Wee sma' hours of night*	*E-a-s-y!!!*	*Room that last received a box*

Adams Greene Harris Ransom Price Carden
Ransom Knight Alexander Cooper Bowles Smith
Dickenson Gunn Kelly Conner Stone Minor
Peters Scanlan Boothe Walizer Douthat

Senior German Club
Here's a health to the future,
A sigh for the past,
We can love and remember
And hope to the last;
And, for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold
While theres love in the heart
We can never grow old.
Miss Hawley
Mr. Farrior
Miss Cannady
Mr. Connor
Miss Watkins
Mr. Spangler
Miss French
Mr. Holston
Miss Hairston
Mr. Smith
Miss Burnett
Mr. Dew
Miss Dixon
Mr. Martin
Miss Shepherd
Mr. Maxey
Miss Cooper
Mr. Dickenson
Miss Boules
Mr. Ellett

The Angels

COLORS
Lavendar and White

BY-WORD
Fly! Girls! Fly!

FLOWER,
Lily

DEPORTMENT
Meek and humble

PASSWORD
When shall we meet again

MOTTO
Be good and you'll be lonesome

EMBLEM
Crown?

OUR POINT IN VIEW
Paradise regained

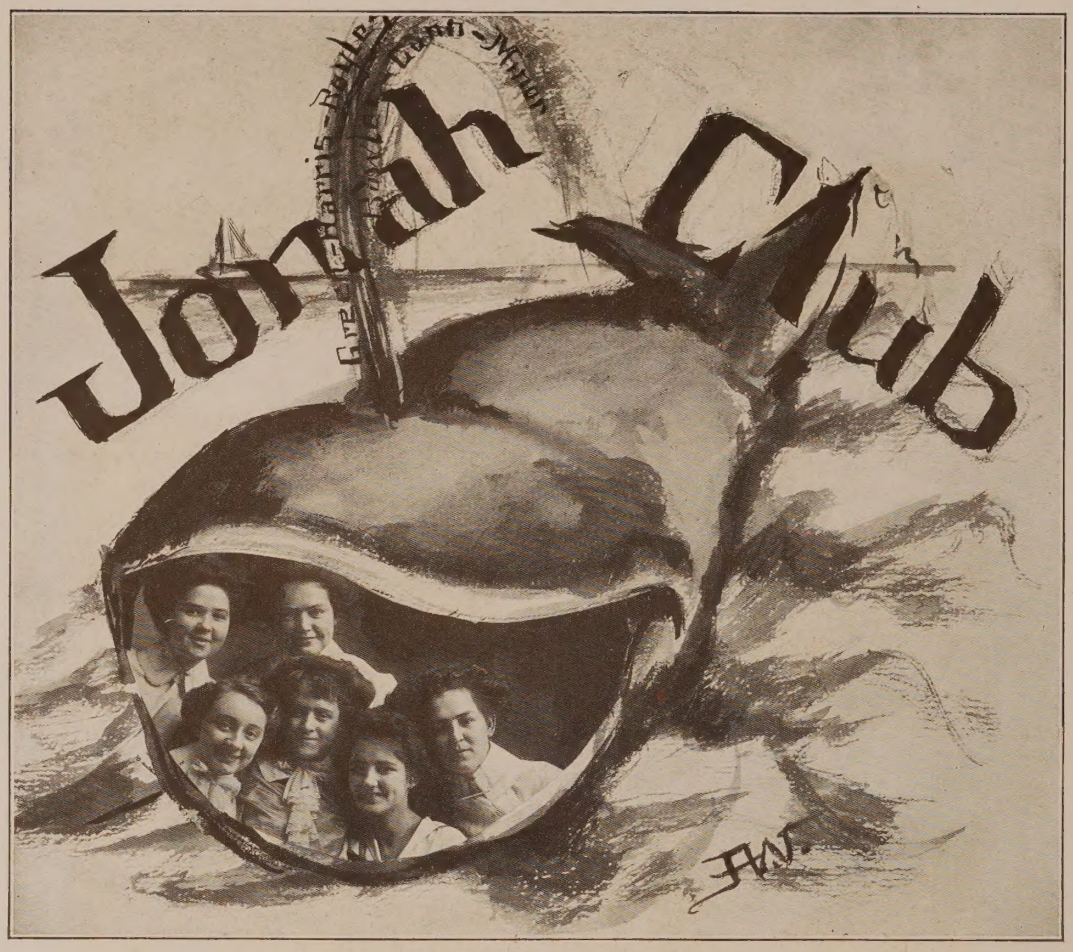
WHAT WE EAT
Cake: Angel's food.
Candy: Heaven.
Meat: Lamb, fowl, dove.

Guardian Angels
BOWLES HARRIS GREEN
GUNN THOMASON
MINOR KELLY

Christiansburg Club

Isabel Hawley	*Owl*
Isabel Judkins	*Dreamer*
Mary Ellett	*Snoozer*
Gussie Kohen	*Nodder*
Beatrice Calhoun	*Timekeeper*
Eula Walters	*Sleep Walker*
Louise Hawley	*Snorer*
Sadie Ellett	*Sleep Talker*

Come girls, a toast to the 'burg let us drink,
It's better than all other towns don't you think?
So to Christiansburg, dear old home town—raise your glasses
And cheer, if you please, each one of the lasses
Who belong to this club; there are "mo-lasses", too,
But as they are not with us, these few must do.
Then toast dear old Sullins, and the days we've had
We've shared them together, the good and the bad.
And last, but not least, toast the "old straw hat"
(There are some perhaps who can't appreciate that).
But that doesn't matter, raise your glasses high
And drink this toast to the sweet bye-and-bye.



MOTTO
What's the use of knocking when a man's down

EMBLEM
"Hammer"

FLOWER
Sweet "William"

COLORS
Brown and Green

MEANS OF DEFENSE
"A Gun"

FAVORITE STROLLING PLACE
The "Hill"

WHAT WE LIKE
S'Herbert

WHAT WE ARE STRIVING FOR
"Ed"-ucation

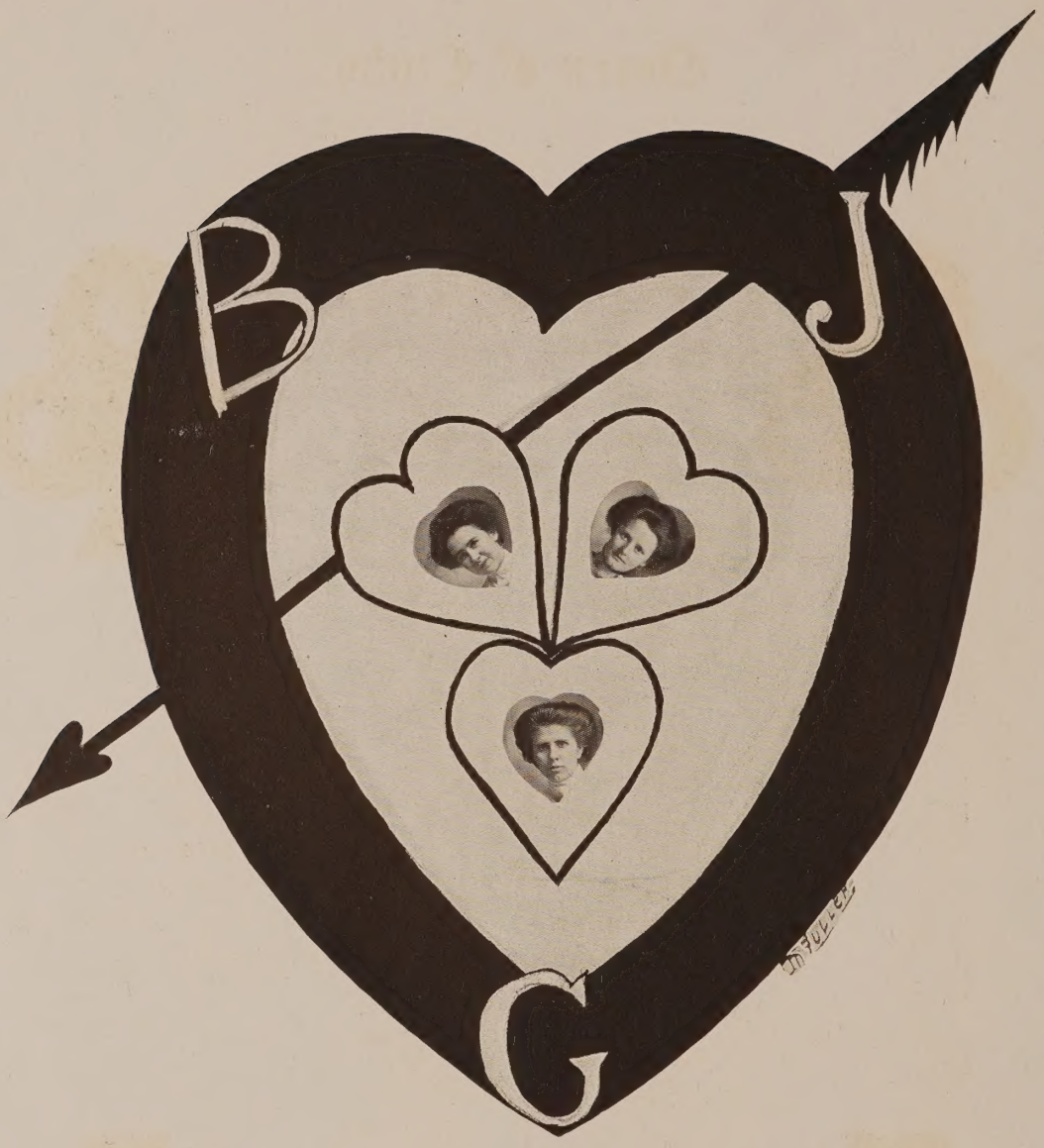
Directoirettes

Lady Alice Price

Duchess Adams

Marchioness Knight

Mlle. Kathleen DeKenson



MOTTO
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush

SONG
Love Me and the World is Mine

COLOR
White

FLOWER
Orange Blossoms

MAMIE FULLER	*Scribe*
ELIZABETH GIBSON	*Hustler*
HELEN HENRITZE	*Dreamer*

Queen of Clubs

Evelyn Walizer
Mary Kelly
Virginia Carden
Mary Ellett
Louise Hawley
Julia Trolinger
Maud Oliver
Gussie Kohen
Sadie Ellett
Rena Thomason
Mary Douthat
Mary Sue Thomas

Honary Member—Miss Caroline Smith

Grayson Club

MEMBERS

Stella Mae Carson	*President*
Ada Pearl Kyle	*"U. C. T."*
Laura Freece Delp	*Chaperon*
Myrtle Louise Rector	*Manager*

Motto
"Serve yourself would you be well served"

Flower
Crab Apple Blossoms

Colors
Pink and White

Favorite Dish
"Grayson Gravy"

Favorite Saying
"Who did you hear from today?"

Amusement
Trying our fortune

Chief Occupation
Studying? ? ? ?

Song
"How Would You Like to Have a Girl Like Me?"

Feasters
Boyles Brown Burnett Dalrymple Farrior
French Harris Hawley Hairston Holston Ladner
Maxey McFaddin McGavock Moorman Peagler
Shepherd Simms Spangler Watkins

A Sunday Night's Adventure

With apologies to Poe.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
Over many a dainty supper I had missed before;
As I nodded nearly sleeping, suddenly I heard a creeping,
As of some one gently creeping, creeping past my chamber door.
"Tis some poor sick girl," I muttered,
"Creeping past my chamber door"—
Only this, and nothing more.

Then again I fell to sleeping, and was wakened by this creeping;
By this ghostly weird creeping of some one past my chamber door.
Eagerly I sought to hear it, for an instant I did fear it
Was an omen of some evil, that I heard it now no more.
For the creeping ghostly footsteps descended to the kitchen floor
From before my chamber door.

Then I caught a glimmer of a light now growing dimmer,
Growing now a trifle dimmer as it left the second floor.
When I heard a mighty clanging, doors below were loudly banging,
It was an awful banging—this slamming of the kitchen door.
Then a thought occurred to me, as I had often thought before,
"Dr. Martin has the floor."

I heard a mighty scurrying, as of some one hurrying,
Some one greatly hurrying, hurrying past my chamber door.
I looked and saw a maiden, as I supposed with something laden,
I suppose with food was laden as she left the kitchen floor;
Food obtained by stealthy swiping, swiping from the kitchen store.
Strongly guarded kitchen store.

This explained the stealthy creeping, as I saw that she was weeping;
Saw that she was loudly weeping, as she passed my chamber door.
She from her eyes the tears was wiping, "I was merely bent on swiping,"
Just a little harmless swiping, taking from the kitchen store
A small unsightly box containing potato chips, that sat beside the door,
Potato chips and nothing more.

Monday came and its demerits, I was very grieved to hear it;
Another big demerit, to add to those she had before.
When she saw, the tears came raining but she didn't start complaining—
She knew 'twould not be gaining, to complain of just one more,
Given to her because of swiping, swiping from the kitchen store
Potato chips and nothing more.

SEPTEMBER

This is the way she looked in September,
A horrible sight to behold.
A typical tack you can't help but remember,
But her tacky old clothes she sold.

JUNE

When June rolls round this is the way
She looks when she starts home.
To the height of style, you might say,
From the path of a tack she did roam.

LIFE
Sullins
Thomle Fuller

MR. MANN IN TREE

A brave, good watchman we have at Sullins,
Who has many pleasures and joys,
But the happiest moments of the watchman's life
Is when chasing the Bristol boys.

He makes them fly, when the chase is on,
For a rapid runner is he.
He is found in front just running for life,
And stops in the top of this tree.

—K. V.

Caroline—"Oh! let's see what time it is."
Pete—"Come on, crazy; that's a pair of scales."

Fannie—"Now where is my bismuth, I had here in this paper?"
Ruth—"Lands! was that bismuth. I thought it was salt and ate it on my celery."

Caroline is simply crazy about riding on the merry-go-round when it turns the corners.

Beautiful "Pom-Pon" Curls

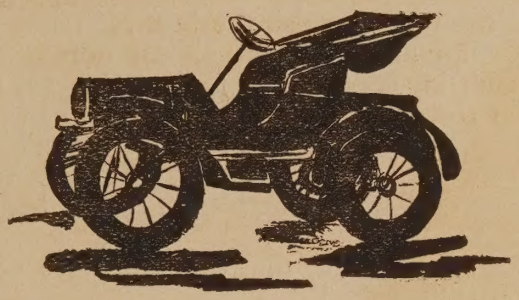
of all shades

Handsome Wavy Switches
"Puffy Fluffers"

GREEN AND YELLOW ESPECIALLY

Hair dressings of all kinds easily secured for receptions, dinners, etc. Come early.

Misses McMahon, Bowles & Minor



Cartwright, Thomas, Wright Co.

Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

Good Service, Machines, Chaffeur, and Time.
Prompt attention and courteous service promised.
Special attention given to S. C. girls.

Both Phones "23."

ELECTION NOTES.

Miss Brinson was up town last November, the day of the presidential election.
"Have you come to vote?" asked one of the boys.
"Vote for what?" replied Miss Brinson.

Annie L. thought there were entirely too many demonstrations for presidency of the Clionian Literary Society.

Altha (at telephone)—"Yes, indeed; you may come up this evening. Oh! who is that any way?"

COUNTRY TALK.

Sadie—"Come on Gussie, let's ride this radiator to the second floor."

"Oh! dear," sighed Nelle at dinner. "I'm tired of this place; I'm going to send a telegram home on the first train in the morning."

Emma Lula—"What made Lessie leave Sullins College?"
Smarty—"'Cause she couldn't take the college with her."

Mr. Mann (at telephone)—"Why, hello central. You know that gal that broke her leg at the skating rink is suffering terribly, and I want you to send a doctor up right away."

Essie—"Oh! girls, Clyde's fever is 104 and you know that is high for fever in the winter time."

"Bina, is your little nephew a girl or a boy," asked Pete.

Bina—"I think its perfectly wonderful; my mother has nineteen children and not a one of them are idiots." (Some of the girls question this very seriously.)

Edna—"I wish I had some Webster sauce for this ham."

THE PACE THAT KILLS

Such is S. C. life,
So near and yet so far.

SULLINS COLLEGE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

Your membership is cordially solicited. We furnish the best reference to our patrons. Universally noted for prompt attention and almost immediate success. We refer you to Dr. W. E. Martin, president of Sullins College, or Mrs. S. I. Hunt, former lady principal of the same institution, at present living at Shelbyville, Tenn., to Miss Juliet Kinney, instructor in piano at Sullins College.

Our institution is widely known from north to south—east to west. We have helped many middle aged and hopeless downcast maidens to get a home of their own, and no divorces reported yet.

Perhaps we can serve you. Join our agency today that we may place you in direct correspondence with your own true "affinity."

The usual fee is one dollar a day, or twenty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents for thirty days. If at the end of the time, you find it necessary for you to renew your membership, you may do so at half the usual cost. Below are extracts from some of our patrons' letters.

MRS. HUNT writes:—"Thanks to your institution, I now have the unavoidable pleasure of being directed by "one" rather than the "director" of "many."

MISS ELMA LOVE writes:—"My guardian decided that he had better take me in hand, as Sullins College is running to the matrimonial limit."

MISS LILLIAN QUILLIAN writes:—"Thanks to Sullins College. For it was at a Sullins College reception I met my ideal; we will be glad to see any of the Sullins girls at any time."

MISS MYRTLE CARICO writes:—"Finding that the boarding pupils of Sullins College, taking thorough advantage of matrimony, I decided to cause a little excitement among the day pupils. It works fine."

MISS MILDRED WHITE writes:—"Upon leaving Sullins College last year, it was my intention to teach, but instead of teaching I am learning the law, as Will puts it."

MISS JIMMIE JORDAN writes:—"Finding the Christmas holidays too dull at Sullins College, and another finding it too dull in Alabama, we decided to try to cheer each other—which we have successfully done."

MISS LENA BATSON writes:—"Mrs. Hunt got ahead of me too much last year, and I am glad to state that we are both on level ground now."

MISS BESSIE MCAFEE writes:—"After spending one winter in Bristol, find that Texas would not agree with my health—thanks to Texas climate."

For further reference apply to—

Mrs. Joe Peery, formerly Miss Elizabeth Gibson, Johnson City, Tenn.
Mrs. W. Long, formally Miss M. Kate Newton, Bristol, Va.-Tenn.
Miss Carrie Griffith, Paducah, Ky.
Miss Dayme Holloway, Columbia, Miss.
Miss Pearl Albert, Jonesville, Va.

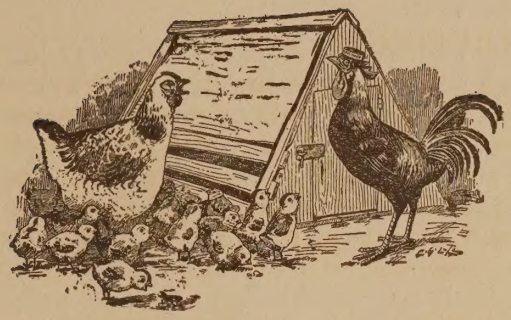
Dora—"Mrs. B., may I run across the street and play with two little coons."

Mrs. B.—"Why, Dora, I'm surprised at you wanting to play with little darkies. It's outlandish."

Dora—"But Mrs. B., they're only little tame coons."

"I'm just crazy to learn Italian," remarked Leslie.

"Learn what?" asked Nell. "Is it vocal or instrumental?"



Echoes From Chickensville

He—"And why Mrs. Hen are you making all this racket?"

She—"Because my son will never set."

Mr. Bodell—"Why, I wish you to look at those dear little chicks."

Miss Iseman—"Well I never knew before chickens were born in May. I thought they were always born in September."

Gladys, giving out spelling—"Geese—a fowl; saddle—a seat for a horse's back."

Miss Brinson requested one of the girls to mail a letter of hers as near the train as possible, because she wanted it to go off right away.

Pete was very enthusiastic over the Senior banquet and said: "Oh, don't you hope we'll have toasts?"

Annie Lou—"My goodness, I don't see what you want to have old toast for."

"Girls, did you know that it was a *bridge* of etiquette to have your nails highly polished?" asked Josephine.

Awful Hanging

Last Saturday evening, between the hours of ten and twelve, Joe Kite was caught hanging around Sullins College. Why??

Miss B. (in Gym.)—"Now girls, stand at ease. Mary Kelly, what does standing at ease mean?"

Mary—"Well, I don't know, unless it's letting your stomach out."

"And how far have you gone in your arithmetic, Dora?" asked Miss B.

Dora—"To the fiftieth page."

Miss B. doesn't seem very much enlightened on the subject of arithmetic, as she couldn't tell just how far Dora had gone by this definite explanation.

The art students were discussing pantomimes for society. Annie Lou suggested "The Sistine Madonna."

May—"And who will be Mrs. Madonna?"

Said the slipper to the stocking, "I'll wear a hole in you."
Said the stocking to the slipper, "I'll be darned if you do."

ELSIE'S ESCAPE.

She loved him alas! with all her young and impulsive heart. He was her hero, her highest ideal, the one on whom all her life seemed to depend. There was great objection to him by her parents. They did not consider him the proper person on whom the future welfare of their only daughter depended. Yet through all this, Elsie loved him all the same. By secretly placing a note in the old elm tree in the meadow glowing with flowers and green waving grass, they had planned to meet at the bridge that night as soon as the sun descended in majestic splendor behind the snowy clouds.

Hark! the dark has fallen and the moon is fast beginning to shed its pale, ghostly beams over the bridge and the swift, rushing stream beneath. It discloses the fair form of Elsie. Robed in black, with her golden locks combed, tied with a simple black bow, her white face, contrasting so vividly with her somber garments, she looks as one of the queens of old, ready to be taken to her execution. Listen! you can hear her sigh and she seems to mutter to herself. At last Chauncey comes. "My darling, my own true love!" he murmurs, as he gathers her slight form in his strong arms. "I must have thee. I can not live without thee. To me the sun does not shine without you, all earth is wrong and I am dead. You will be my own darling little wife, answer me? Can't bear this any longer."

She raises her pure sweet eyes to him—eyes that seem to have little cupids bathing in their depths. "Chauncey, you know full well, you are the one I love, the one to whom all my young life is entrusted. But, my noble hero, remember my parents. They are dear to me, too. I love them and on me their happiness depends. No, dear, I can not fly with thee."

Crazed by these words that seemed to sound his doom, he cried, "Oh, I will have you. Don't dare refuse me. Alack! I've always gained my desires. You shall marry me or die." He pulls out a pistol that gleams in the moonlight. "Answer me," he cries. "I can not, I can not," she replies in tones of anguish. He places the cold steel on her forehead and pulls the trigger. Oh joy! it's not loaded.

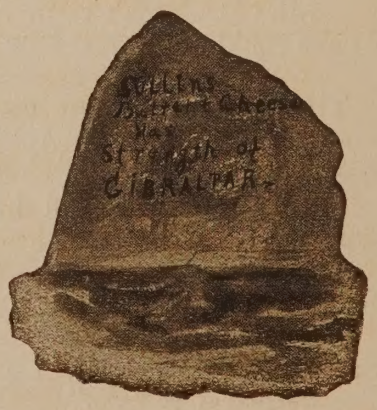
(*Continued Juvender* 31)

✱

Mrs. Forbes regretted very much that James K. Hackett didn't make a talk to the school. She thinks "he makes the most delicious speeches you ever saw."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Mrs. Baskervill has grown quite economical. She even used the back of one gentleman's note to answer it on. Consequently on the afternoon of April 18th she received a handsome box of stationery. She has a scheme devised now how to get flowers and candy.



✱

"Isn't it perfectly wonderful," said Louise, "that Mrs. Snowden could speak such good English, having been in America only six months?"

Listen, Girls!

Are you satisfied with your humpbacks, deformed bodies and unattractive figures?

You are urged to try the simple remedy offered free of charge to everyone.

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Satisfaction guaranteed by

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MY EASTER BONNET.

Five plumes and three tomatoes,
A peach and two potatoes,
Some peppers and a carrot,
Think of that!
Some foliage, some cherries and various kinds of berries,
All these you find upon my Easter hat.
On my hat another year, I shall wear a stein of beer,
A wreath of long dill pickles you will find.
You'll discover if you hunt,
Buckwheat pancakes on the front,
And I'll sew a chicken sandwich on behind.

—*Life*

VERY LEARNED.

Altha—"Mary have you ever read Romeo and Juliet?"

Mary B. — "Certainly, I've read Romeo, but I've never had the extreme pleasure of reading Juliet."

It is advised Marie Simms and Eula Bowles draw up their faces a little, as "long faces make short lives."

"I wish that darkey would come up and shampoo my finger nails," fussed Mary.

"Who do you know in heaven?" asked Ada as Kate was handed a letter with post-mark "Glory."

AN EASY CASE.

Gladys—"Essie, do you know that I can finish here next year if I double on mathematics."

Essie—"Nit you can. What mathematics will you have."

Glayds—"Why chemistry and psychology."

A LITTLE MORE MIXED.

Corinne—"Gee, but I am glad I'm in a boarding school; we always had a tutor, at home, before this year."

Marie—"Me, too; we had a goddess last year."

"Oh! did you know they have already $20,000 prescribed for King College?" inquired Altha.

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Mademoiselle Katheleene Dickenson

STUDIES OF THE VERNACULAR.

This is the conversation between two bright Seniors, third floor, room 100:

"Say Pete! Hajjer pitchertuck yet?"

"Nope. Gitter week afnex. Hajjors?"

"Bet! Haddagoodun, too."

"Gimmie un."

"Will if youll give me yourn."

"Y'bet Imagoin too."

"Say, writ zer essay yit?"

"Not onyer tintype. Writ yourn?"

"Nope—Jim Leffrage gointer write mine."

"Gee, blieve I'll get Mr. Nease to write mine."

"Bet it'll be a goodun."

"When we goin' to get our privileges?"

"Search me."

"Gittin' strict, aint they?"

"Never seed the like. Won't git nothin' noway."

"Aint you speekin'?"

"Hajjer measure took?"

"Wafor?"

"Uniforms, crazy. Haint zer heard about-um?"

"Zep, just forget."

"Hajjer like em?"

"Corkers. Latestout."

"Goin' somewhere this even. Wanago?"

"Yep! Where jugoin'?"

"All around—bakery, Colbert's, fruit stand and post office to metalotor fellers."

"Golly, I can't go."

"Wafor?"

"Ojuscause Mike won't like it."

"Stoobad. Howja like Charley Wright's noohair cut?"

"Punk fiz him I'd cut."

"Sodi. There goes hash bell, slong."

"Slong."

Miss Anderson says her uncle, who is a tooth dentist, spent last week with them.

QUEER, ISN'T IT?

Etta—"Mrs. Baskervill, may we go out and spend the day with our aunt."

Mrs. B.—"And is she a relation of yours?"

Bess—"Oh, yes! indeed."

Essie was coming up the street with Bina and saw a man with an automobile cap and goggles on. She turned to Bina and said, "That old Salvation Army man passes by the college every day."

Wants

Wanted to know who's Miss Carden's latest since Pat(?) has deserted her.

Wanted to know by Isabel Judkins, which is best for indigestion, soda or baking powder.

Wanted by Nell Ligon, some one to manicure her face.

Wanted by Dora Darling, a position of practice preception.

Wanted to know by Mamie Fuller, what time the one o'clock train leaves.

Wanted to know when chicken will be served. Had dressing last Sunday and dumplings today.

Wanted to know by Dr. Martin, who cut the electric wires and swiped the thirty-two candle power electric light globes.

Wanted by Nelle Curtis and Finnie Harris, the address of a reliable anti-fat company.

Wanted, some generated alcohol by Sumpie Martin.

Lost

Lost by Miss Morton, a pony by the name of Jack.

Lost by Gussie Kohen, her balance on Sixth street. (Twenty-five cents or one hundred and sixty lbs.)???

Lost by Charlie Wright, a new tooth brush.

Lost by Janie Martin, a milk bottle.

Found

Found by A. L. S., a tooth brush containing eight bristles.

Found, a milk bottle in Marie Simms room.

*

COLD WEATHER EXPLAINED.

Miss McGavock in astronomy class
Wanted to illustrate where the equator would pass.
She took an apple, so rosy and round,
And on this the line she quickly found;
But fearing to waste the apple sweet,
The long red strip she decided to eat.
I bet she got hot a little later,
'Cause Miss McGavock ate the equator.

NOTHING SERIOUS, ONLY MIXED.

One of the teachers asked one of the girls to purchase her some antikamnia tablets while in town. She innocently asked for cameo tablets.

" 'Tis better to be born in Nashville than to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth."—Mr. Vredenburg.

MUST BE MIGHTY TIRED.

One of the girls was lamenting the fact the other day that she had to leave her table. "I've been setting in this chair for two years and it will break my heart to leave."

There was a man who found a joke—
As soon as he had found it
He wrote a musical comedy farce, four vaudeville sketches, light popular songs, an extravaganza and a monologue around it.

Miss Morton—"What is trill, girls?"

Bright Pupil—"Oh, that's what Mr. Trent does to his voice."

SO INQUISITIVE.

Emma—"Mrs. B. got an anonymous letter the other day fussing about the girls."

Mary F.—"Oh, who was it from?"

Annie (to Emoryite)—"Have you had any refreshments?"

He—"Why, y-e-s; we had some 'long first of school."

AN ORIGINAL WAY.

Girls, if you are tormented with too frequent visits to your room, at the time when boxes from home have just arrived, just try Mary's and Altha's plans—she merely asks: "Say, hasn't the room bell rung," and finds this works wonders.

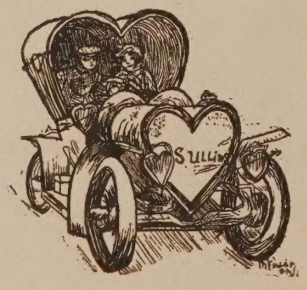
Mary E. (in chemistry)—"Miss McGavock, let's make some matches."

Miss McG.—"Really, I think enough matches have already been made."

Kate G. was studying the life of Irwin Russel. She scratched his name on a tablet to make her remember it. "Oh! is he one of your suitors?" asked Mabelle.

Dr. Martin—"Hey! hey! there, Miss Mary what are you crying about?"

One of the girls—"She's not crying, only practising her vocal lesson."



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Happy have we been,
Happy let us part,
And happy meet again.

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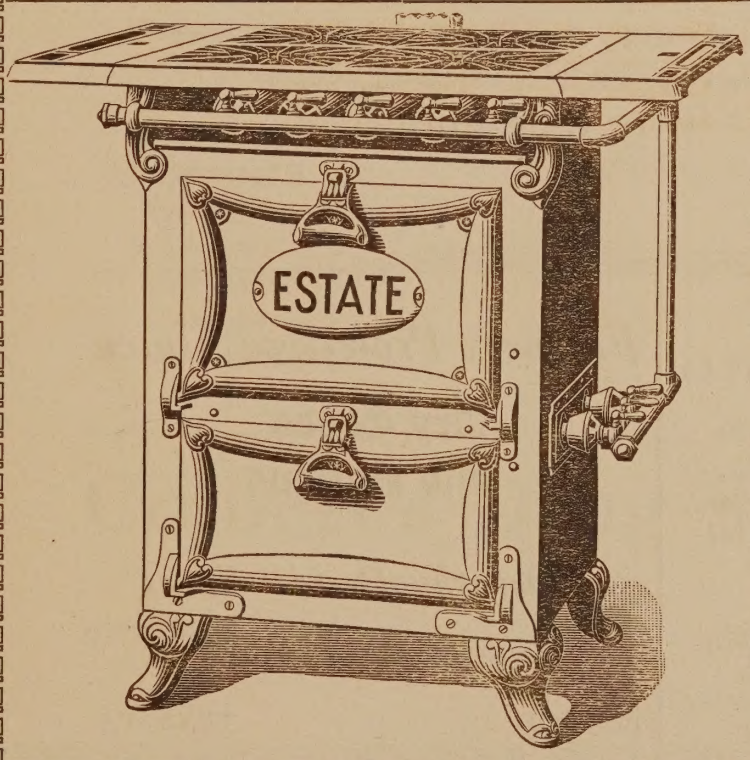

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